

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2463.—VOL. LXXXIX.

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1886.

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT } SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



THE GENERAL ELECTION: OPENING THE CAMPAIGN.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

It must be nearly ten years ago, and it was in winter time, that I came across Russia, even from Petersburg down to Warsaw in Poland, and thence to Moscow, and so across the snowy steppes by Kieff to Odessa. It had been bitterly cold the whole time; but it was warmer in the great commercial city on the Black Sea. Warmer in more senses than one: for the citizens of Odessa were, in what is vulgarly termed "a stew"; they were perspiring freely, their ears tingled, they were quite feverish at the thought of war being imminent between Russia and Turkey.

I do not think that it was martial ardour that was firing their veins, just then. The good people of Odessa were hot because they were uncomfortable—intensely uncomfortable. They were, indeed, in a state of mortal terror lest, if war should be declared between the Tsar and the Sultan, Odessa—which England so unaccountably spared during the Crimean War—should be bombarded and "knocked into a cocked hat," so to speak, by the Imperial Ottoman Fleet, commanded by Admiral the Honourable Augustus Hobart, otherwise known as Hobart Pasha.

I came out of Odessa just before the port froze for the winter, crossed the Black Sea in a Russian mail-steamer, came down the Bosphorus, and reached Constantinople just in time for the opening of that Conference of Ambassadors at which Great Britain was represented by the Marquis of Salisbury and Sir Henry Elliot, and which was so ingeniously jockeyed by the Russian General Ignatieff. At Constantinople I found two old friends and colleagues in journalism, Mr. Antonio Gallenga, who was representing the *Times*, and Mr. Campbell Clarke, the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. There was Mr. Melton Prior, too, of the *Illustrated London News*, and Dr. Schneider, of the *Cologne Gazette*, and poor Alexander McGahan, Eugene Schuyler, and M. Camille Barrère, and we were quite a merry company.

One morning, in the Grande Rue de Pera, I was considering the pariah dogs that inhabit the gutter over against the British Embassy, and contrasting their plump and sleek (although mangy) condition with the lean and wobegone aspect of the curs that live on the scraps doled out to them from the scullery of the Russian Legation. All at once I heard behind me the clattering of a horse's hoofs; and then came cantering by a bluff, hardy-looking, middle-aged gentleman in a naval uniform, with a pair of big gold epaulettes and a fez. He knew the friend who was with me; and drew rein, after he had passed, to accost us. It was Hobart Pasha; and I was introduced to him, and told him how desperately uncomfortable he was making the good people of Odessa.

Hobart is dead. Of the plucky sailor, blockade-runner, diplomatist, *condottiere*, publicist, and Bashaw of Three Tails, to boot, it must be written—*Fuit*. He will plead no more, with characteristic earnestness and energy, in the *Times*, the cause of the Grand Turk—

His bones are dust, and his sword is rust;
And his soul is with the saints, we trust.

Landing at Marseilles at the end of last April, from the P. and O. steam-ship Ballarat, which had brought me from Calcutta, I chanced on Hobart at the Grand Hôtel de Noailles. He was on sick leave from his post of Inspector-General of the Imperial Ottoman Navy, and was bound for Cannes; but he had caught a chill, he told me, in a shooting excursion somewhere in the Levant, and was very, very ill. Indeed, I fancied that I could read the fateful word *Thanatos*. We dined together day by day. He tried to be cheerful. He drove out to Rubion's, to eat bouillabaisse at the Réserve; but he complained continually of the asthma and bronchitis from which he was suffering. But it was the heart which was chiefly affected, and from heart disease, at the Hôtel Cavour, at Milan, did Hobart die. A true British worthy, he.

I have at present no politics to speak of (save that I do not want to see the British Empire split into spillikins by a Grand Old *Λογογράφος*, who seems to have gone off his Grand Old "chump"); but I am bound meekly to protest against the indiscriminate and un instructed use which some of the gentlemen of the Press make of the term "Yankee." For example, I read in that excellent evening paper the *St. James's Gazette*, of June 29:—

Are we to take our hand from the plough under the compulsion of Yankee dynamiters and Yankee dollars, or to barter away the whole future of two nations for a little temporary ease?

My dear *St. James's Gazette*, there are no "Yankee" dynamiters, and no "Yankee" dollars whatsoever are spent on the promotion of political agitation in the (I hope always) United Kingdom. Put on your considering cap, my *St. James's*, and remember, that neither the New Yorkers nor the Pennsylvanians, neither the Southerners nor the Men of the West are "Yankees." New England is the only Yankeeland. The citizens of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Maine, Rhode Island, and Vermont, are the only legitimate descendants of the famed "Yankee Doodle," who "came to town on a little pony," and, for some reason to me inscrutable, "stuck a feather in his cap, and called it Macaroni."

Besides, most people possessed of a grain of common-sense are aware that the Transatlantic dealers in dynamite are a very small gang of desperate men of broken fortunes, repudiated and positively abhorred by all respectable Irish Americans. As for the dollars, they are mainly extracted from the pockets of ignorant and incredulous Irish servants in the States, who are quite uncertain as to whether the tithe and toll taken from their wages is destined to pay off the mortgages on the estates of Daniel O'Connell, to aid John Mitchell to escape from penal servitude, to buy green silk robes, embroidered with shamrocks, for Smith O'Brien and Meagher of the Sword, to erect a statue to the memory of Mr. Isaac Pitt, or to provide Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell with a cocked hat and a pocket full of money. Biddy from Tipperary,

or Nora from Cork will believe anything that is told her about "Ould Oireland"; and artful professional politicians tell them a great deal, with a view towards "roping in" Biddy and Nora's dollars and cents.

The Great Ulysses is not dead. Nay, nor the Greek Committee, of which a meeting was held on Tuesday, June 29, at the National Liberal club. The meeting was well attended; letters of earnest sympathy were read from old and influential friends of the Greek cause, and two resolutions were unanimously carried expressive of the sympathy of the meeting with M. Tricoupis.

And so should say all of us. I shall probably be under the turf long before the Turk is bundled out of Constantinople; but sooner or later go he must. He has been master of Byzantium for more than four hundred years; and what has he done there, or in Turkey in Europe, or in Turkey in Asia? His action during these four centuries has been of an almost exclusively destructive nature. The Turks themselves have a proverb, "Where the Sultan's horse has trod there grows no grass."

I am free to confess, however, that there is one good point in this nuisance, the Turk—this brute of a Djagetai Tartar, with a veneer of black frock-coat and red fez cap. His tongue is corrupt Arabic flavoured with Slavonic; his literature is contemptible; his art is non-existent; "manners he has none, and his customs are very beastly," to use the words of the little Midshipman who was ordered by his Captain to write a report on the manners and customs of the natives of the Polynesian archipelago: but he can cook, and cook admirably.

Alexis Soyer found out that fact when, after the Crimean War, he visited Stamboul and explored the Sultan's kitchen. He became an expert in the making of pilafs and kibabs; but he admitted that the secrets of Turkish confectionery-making were beyond his ken.

Mem.: Why does not the Turk eat curry?

"Experiment Solitary" heads more than one description of the result of a trial of strength and skill with Nature made by the greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind. Much as I revere the memory of Francis of Verulam, I confess that I have no liking for making solitary experiments—especially when the essay is of a culinary nature. I am doomed to a great deal too much solitude as it is. Jeremy Taylor tells us of the fly "sitting celibate in the heart of an apple; dwelling, indeed, in perpetual sweetness, but confined and dying in singularity." And I do not dwell in perpetual sweetness; so, wishing to make another trial of curry, I determined to convert it into an Experiment Social, and as many as six friends—three ladies and three gentlemen—were kind enough to come to me and partake of curry from the big china dish with the four compartments.

As my cook is still young in the making of curry stuff, I told her to use some good curry-powder, such as is sold in bottles. She chose Indian curry-powder, as compounded by E. Lazenby and Son. Next time I will try Halford's. Wishing to give the cookery-book a chance for the meat, chicken, and prawn curries, I chose a recipe from "Kettner's Book of the Table" (Dulau and Co.), the literary portion of which, it is an open secret, was written by the late Mr. Eneas C. Dallas. Here is the Kettnerian recipe:—

Take the white heart of a cabbage or a lettuce peeled down to the size of an egg; chop it fine, and add to it two apples in thin slices, the juice of a lemon, a salt-spoonful of black pepper, and a table-spoonful of curry-powder, to be all well mixed together. Then take six onions that have been chopped fine and fried brown, a clove of garlic minced small, two ounces of fresh butter, two of flour, and one pint of beef gravy; boil them up, and when boiling add to them the other set of ingredients containing the acids and spices. Let all be well stewed, and then add to it—cut or shred—the fish, flesh, or fowl, for which this savoury mess has been prepared. Serve it with abundance of rice—every grain of which should be separate.

It is the rice in this combination that is the great attraction for many people. But, in following this recipe, the cook must use some discretion; first in regard to the acids, second in regard to the onions. One apple may contain as much acid as two; and onions are of all sizes. So that here the recipe is very indefinite, and the cook has to be cautious.

Mrs. Cook was cautious: the rice was boiled to a T, or rather to a G, for each individual grain could be discriminated from its fellows; and the flesh, fish, and fowl curries were distinct successes. For the vegetable curry I went to a handy little shilling volume (F. Warne and Co.), "The Nabob's Cookery-Book," a manual of East and West Indian recipes by P. O. P. Here is the recipe:—

Peel and cut up in square pieces four large potatoes, fry them in butter until they are a light brown colour, put them into a stewpan with a pint of brown gravy, one raw onion and one previously fried, half a small vegetable marrow cut into pieces, a handful of green peas, the same of French beans, and a few slices of cucumber; add one table-spoonful and a half of curry-powder, a table-spoonful of vinegar, and salt to taste. Simmer very slowly, stirring carefully from time to time until the vegetables are nearly cooked, then add a quarter of a pound of butter mixed with a teaspoonful of flour to thicken the gravy, and simmer again until the vegetables are sufficiently cooked, but not broken. A small piece of mint is by some considered an improvement.

I may add that for vinegar I substituted the juice of half a lemon, and that to all the curries I added some finely-grated cocoa-nut. We had three kinds of chutney—the Bengal, the Madras (both specially prepared by P. Vencatachellum, Indian condiment manufacturer, Popham's Broadway, Madras), and Palmer's "Nepaul Condiment" (made from a recipe of an old Indian officer. We should have had a fourth—the celebrated Cingalese pink chutney, but I was short of two of the ingredients. On the other hand, we did have "poppedums," the thin circular cakes, nearly transparent, and very crisp. My cook made them of rice and potato flour and butter, with a little milk, and fried them in oil. We had made seven unsuccessful attempts at baking them properly; but, before the oil, they were hard, and not crisp. The Bombay ducks were a failure. Will somebody tell how to prepare them?

Some malicious miscreant or miscreants have destroyed the painted windows in the Scotch church, Rue Bayard, Paris. In the night-time no less than sixty pieces of iron, each an inch square, were flung against the panes with such force that some of the missiles were found in the pulpit at the other end of the sacred edifice, while the floor, the galleries, and the seats were littered with broken glass. A wicked, stupid act of vandalism.

Has Spenser's Kirk Rapine been on the rampage in Paris? You have all read of that catiff's devastating exploits in the "Faerie Queene." But the Reverend Patrick Beaton, a Scottish clergyman domiciled in the French capital, has written to the wonderful correspondent of the *Times* to say there is no reason to believe that the Scotch are unpopular in Paris. I never knew that the Scotch were unpopular anywhere. I saw a great deal of them last year at the other side of the world, especially in New Zealand, where they take the lead as hardy, earnest, indefatigable colonists, and as upright, intelligent, law-abiding citizens. Unpopular, forsooth! We have not gone back to the days when a London mob made a bonfire of a jack-boot, emblematic of George the Third's Lord Bute; when clever, rascally Jack Wilkes insulted Scotland and his Sovereign in the *North Briton*; when honest, kind-hearted, savage Sam Johnson defined oats as being the food of horses in England and of men in Scotland; and when some scurrilous wag wrote of the Scots—

How can the rogues pretend to sense;
Their pound is only twenty pence?

In all probability the windows, which cost five hundred pounds, were smashed by a gang of mischievous *Garroches*, the cousins-german of the Australian larrikins. A fearful creature is the Antipodean larrikin. He slashes the linings and the cushions of railway-carriages; he shouts loathsome language in the ears of passing ladies; he mobs inoffensive John Chinaman, tweaks his nose and pulls his pigtail; when he goes to the theatre he patronises the gallery and spits into the pit. The larrikin is the outcome not of ignorance and destitution, but of high wages and not enough hard work. The worst of it is the youthful larrikin is a perfectly sober ruffian. The young wretch gets fined five pounds sometimes at the police-court for assault, or for using filthy language; but he is seldom in trouble for drunkenness; and it is but very rarely that this strictly temperate young blackguard is unable to pay the heavy mulct inflicted on him.

But the Parisian Kirk Rapines. I do not know the Scotch church in the Rue Bayard: is it an Episcopal or a Presbyterian one? If Episcopal, painted windows are, of course, all right; but if Presbyterian—ma conscience! Perhaps the church in the Rue Bayard likewise boasts of a "box of whistles," otherwise an organ. To be sure, I was once shown some very splendid painted glass in a grand old cathedral at Glasgow; but the Presbytery had atoned for the splendour of their dim religious light by depriving the Saint under whose invocation was the ancient fane of his due hagiological title. They called the building Mungo's Cathedral—not St. Mungo.

Or was it a lineal descendant of Jenny Geddes who smashed the Scotch kirk's windows? That resolute dame, determined to resist the introduction of the Anglican liturgy into the Kirk of Scotland, went on July 23, 1637, to St. Giles's Church, Edinburgh, taking with her a joint-stool. On the Dean of Edinburgh beginning to read the service, his voice was lost in a tumultuous yell; and the high-minded Jenny Geddes exclaiming, "Villain! dost thou say mass at my lug?" pitched her joint-stool at the head of Mr. Dean. The Dean ducked, and the diaconal scone escaped cracking; but there was a terrible shindy. It has been doubted, however, if there ever was such a person as Jenny Geddes. In the middle of the last century a Burgess of Edinburgh, one Mr. Robert Mein, claimed the exploit of Jenny Geddes for his great-grandmother, the worthy Mistress Barbara Mein, née Hamilton. For a' that and a' that, every leal Scot believes strongly in the existence of Jenny Geddes; the Society of Antiquaries at Edinburgh possess an old piece of furniture which is asserted to be the identical stool which the apocryphal Jenny hurled at the Dean when he tried to read Archbishop Laud's service book; and I should no more dare to question the veracity of the Jenny Geddes story in Edinburgh town than I should at a Ritualistic dinner table (parched peas and a decanter of cold water the staple of the banquet) venture to express my opinion that Archbishop Laud was a narrow-minded, intolerant, tyrannical, and cruel little villain, as proud as a peacock and as superstitious as a Devonshire farmer.

We know Laud really existed; but it is sad to give up one after the other the most cherished illusions of our youth. Jenny Geddes, I suppose, never kept a vegetable-stall in the High-street of Auld Reekie, and never threw a joint-stool at the parson's head. The historians have long since made up their minds that William Tell never shot an arrow at an apple placed on the head of his young son; that he never encountered the tyrant Gessler on a narrow pathway in a mountain gorge, and refrained from pitching his persecutor over the precipice; and that the whole story of the so-called liberator of Switzerland from the Austrian yoke is the merest of myths. What next, and next? Well, Beatrice Cenci never sat to Guido. The so-called Beatrice at Rome is the portrait of a Greek girl of thirteen, who makes no less than three appearances in the works of Guido Reni; the Duke of Wellington never said, "Up Guards, and at 'em!" at Waterloo; and Cambronne never said, "The Guard dies, but never surrenders!" and the White Flag is not altogether the standard of the House of Bourbon. I shall begin next to doubt whether there ever were such personages as David Jones, John Doe, Richard Roe, Mother Goose, Mrs. Grundy, and the Unfortunate Miss Bailey, who it is well known (in Seven-dials and by the students of the Catnachian anthology) hanged herself—by her "suspenders" I suppose—in consequence of the heartless conduct of a Lieutenant of Marines.

G. A. S.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The Court mourning for the late King of Bavaria was not generally observed, even at parties, and hardly at all in the morning. The Princess of Wales drove in the park dressed all in black—a silk dress, without any mantle, and a black straw bonnet trimmed with ribbon. Princess Louise of Wales also wore black, a colour which is not favourable to her appearance; but the two other young Princesses were in light greyish-brown frocks, with hats to match. The ladies who occupied the prominent box-seats at the meet of the Coaching Club, which took place on one of the official mourning days, were almost without exception dressed in bright raiment.

The rumour spreads that Prince Oscar of Sweden is to marry Princess Louise of Wales. It is said that the young lady is already beginning to learn the language of the suitor's country. This is a sensible proceeding, but one which has not always been followed in like circumstances. Lord Brougham used to tell a story that Princess Caroline of Brunswick was utterly ignorant of the English language when her unfortunate marriage to George, Prince of Wales, was arranged. It became a subject of discussion at a party where her chosen escort, Lord Malmesbury, was present, what *one word* of English her Royal Highness had better first be taught by Lord Malmesbury. All the company advised that "Yes" should be taught, except Lady Charlotte Lindsay, who insisted that "No" ought to be selected, because a woman's "No" so often meant an affirmative as well as a negative, and thus the word would be doubly useful to the Princess in her new home.

Cotton dresses are worn by nearly everybody for the morning promenade. The tints are soft and pleasing this season. A delicate pink is very popular, and somehow this looks prettier than any other colour for outdoor cotton costumes, perhaps because it combines so well with the green of the trees and grass, which form the background in the park. Pretty blues are also much worn. White—the real pure white, not cream—is more popular than it has been for years, and is especially worn in the form of embroidered muslin and cambric. There are innumerable varieties of striped cotton fabrics, and these are largely employed for under-skirts, the bodice and draperies being of harmonising plain, or frisé material.

As to the style of making, the most noticeable point is the extent to which velvet is employed for trimming. It is almost invariably used for collar and cuffs, if no more; but, in a great many cases, it appears on the skirt too. A velvet panel will be placed down one or both sides; or the bottom of the skirt will be turned up with a plain band of velvet. Silk sashes are much worn, too, especially to give a touch of colour to white gowns; in this case, the trimming of the hat must correspond. A very pretty dress in preparation for Henley is composed of alternate stripes of white embroidery and broad satin ribbon of the delicate mauve called "Ophelia." The bodice is a round one of white embroidered muslin, with a full front of "Ophelia" surah, and a broad sash with long ends of the same material and colour. Another is a blue frisé cotton—that is, it has little rough loops, the size of a pin's head, arranged all over the ground so as to make a small check pattern—with a blue velvet waistcoat, edged at each side with a narrow embroidery of blue; pointed bodice, velvet collar, and narrow cuffs. The back drapery is plain and straight, but full; there is a panel of blue velvet on the left side, edged with embroidery, and the front is laid in narrow knife pleats, fan-shaped from waist to hem.

The newest of new styles is to have the bodice cut in front to fly open, confined at collar and waist, but showing all the way down a dainty pleated chemisette of linen or muslin, with three studs in it. This looks a little "fast." A more general style is a full gathered front of muslin or crêpe laid on over the bodice. The lace boas, which an effort has been made to bring into fashion, have not been largely adopted.

The Society for Providing Male Trained Nurses, which held its first annual meeting on Wednesday, has my sincere sympathy, on exactly the same grounds as those on which I support the medical education of women and the employment of lady doctors for their own sex in certain cases. The invariable acquiescence in female nursing for men used always to strike me as showing how very hypocritical was the outcry that was common, a few years ago, about the "indecent" of women studying anatomy and general medicine. It was one of the stock arguments advanced as forbidding the medical training of women, that, to quote Dr. Andrew Wood, "there were some things in medicine that it was not decent for ladies to hear about"; while, at the same time, female nurses in private practice were quietly allowed to do absolutely everything that might be necessary for a sick man. In hospitals, there are usually enough male students about to relieve the women nurses of some duties, but in home nursing this is not the case, and I think it must often be unpleasant to a man of refined feelings to be entirely dependent on his woman nurse. Again, in some cases much lifting is required. There are not infrequent instances of sad injury to nurses by overstraining themselves in trying to bear the dead weight of a heavy man. In typhoid, for instance, the patient becomes utterly incapable of moving himself about; yet moved he absolutely must be every now and then, or else he will suffer in ways that might have been avoided—as probably many men do who have no relatives with them to keep the hired nurse up to such excessive exertions. On more than one ground, then, men nurses are desirable for men in some cases.

Whether males have the necessary moral qualifications for nursing remains to be seen. This branch of the healing art demands far more power of enduring monotonous but sustained exertion, as well as more patience, kindness, and self-abnegation than a doctor's business. Men can be very kind and tender to the suffering for a time, but I have seen reason to doubt if they can keep alive their sympathy or conscientious care steadily through protracted watching. In the Crimea, the advent of the women nurses was like the change from Hades to Paradise for the wounded sufferers. It must be remembered that the men nurses there were untrained, so that one was found innocently feeding a patient with his poultice, and the surgeons could not trust their aids even to cut the blisters or spread a dressing ready for application. But the neglect which was going on in the hospitals till Miss Nightingale arrived showed more than ignorance: no women, however untrained, would so have neglected the most obvious duties to the sick. "The weak, who could not rise in bed or feed themselves, lay too often unfed, messes of arrowroot with wine standing all day beside a sinking sufferer till they were thrown away. . . . Unless the men asked to be washed, they remained dirty. Poultices were left on till they were hard, and then were not washed off"; and so on runs the tale. In the month immediately before Miss Nightingale and her staff got there, the deaths in the hospital were 427 out of each 1000 sick. After the arrival of the women nurses the death rate was rapidly reduced week by week; and in the short space of eight weeks was brought to be only twenty-five per 1000. This is not a decisive test, of course; for it is comparing female skilled labour with male unskilled. However, it is clear that the rougher sex has yet to prove its ability for this sphere of labour, hitherto usually assigned to women. F. F. M.

THE NEW HEBRIDES.

The geographical position of the New Hebrides is important. To the south-west lie New Caledonia and the Loyalty Islands; beyond these is the mainland of Australia, the nearest point of which is 1200 miles distant. Nine hundred miles south of the group lies New Zealand, while to the east are other British possessions, the Fijis; not far distant from which are situated the Navigators, or Samoa, a group of islands about which much controversy has arisen between Great Britain and Germany. Further east still is the Tahitian Archipelago, situated half-way between the New Hebrides and Panama. It is no wonder, then, that much excitement should arise in diplomatic circles when it was suddenly announced that the French flag had been hoisted in these islands. We therefore give some Views of the New Hebrides, from sketches by Mr. J. H. Kerry-Nicholls, who is well acquainted with the isles of the Pacific, as he is with New Zealand.

The New Hebrides are a group of islands situated between latitude 13 deg. 16 min. and 20 deg. 15 min. south, and from longitude 166 deg. 40 min. to 170 deg. 20 min. east, stretching about 400 miles N.N.W. and S.S.E. The more important islands are Aneiteum, Tanna, Erromanga, Sandwich, Api, Mallicolo, and Espiritu Santo. Three men are concerned in the discovery of the New Hebrides. Ferdinando de Quiros, early in the seventeenth century, was sent by the Spanish Government to make explorations in the Pacific. In April, 1606, he sighted land, which he fondly imagined was a continent as large as Europe, Asia Minor, and the Mediterranean islands all put together. To this newly discovered world Quiros gave the name of Espiritu Santo, and, without waiting to find out the full extent of his new possession, hurried back to inform the King of Spain of his discovery. His Majesty, however, did not take quite so sanguine a view of the matter as the navigator, and poor Quiros, instead of returning to take possession of the newly-discovered continent at the head of a rich and influential company, was obliged to stay at home, where he died at last in obscurity. Bougainville, the great French navigator, in 1768, dispelled the idea of Espiritu Santo being a continent; and Captain Cook, a few years later, proved it to be an island by sailing round its shores.

The first missionary visit to the New Hebrides was paid by

February. In Aneiteum, the south-west island, they have continued six days, and have done great damage.

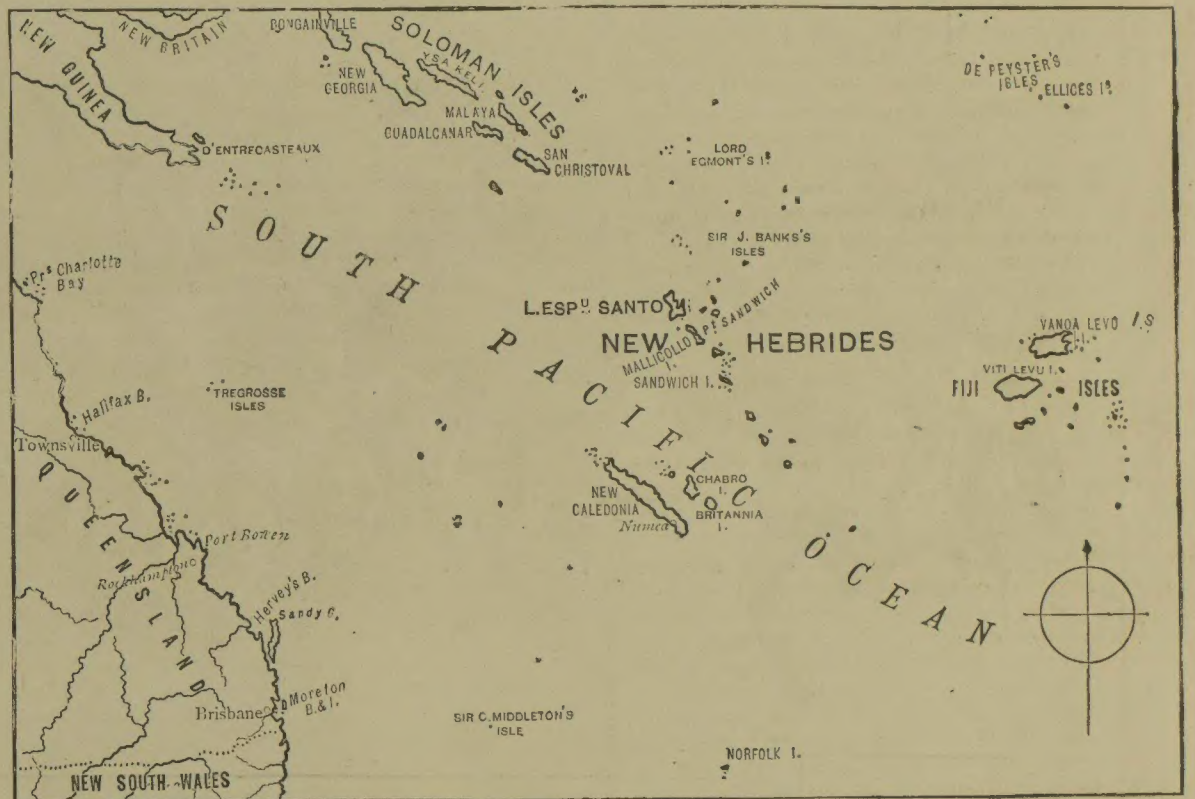
Australia has frequently pointed out to the Imperial authorities how contrary to colonial interests it would be were the French allowed to contravene the understanding of 1878, and take possession of the New Hebrides. The missionaries, too, have petitioned her Majesty, at various times, to make some better provision than at present exists for the maintenance of native independence. Already the French possessions in the Pacific are many, and any arrangement by which the New Hebrides should fall into the hands of France is to be deprecated, not only from a colonial but also from an Imperial point of view. The Australian colonists are naturally anxious lest this valuable group of islands should be used for the same service as the neighbouring island of New Caledonia, which became a French possession in 1854, and has since that time served the purpose of a convict settlement for the French Government. The trade with the New Hebrides is chiefly transacted through Australia, but much of the produce comes eventually to England. The French, German, and American merchants are now obtaining a hold on the Western Pacific markets; but as Auckland, Dunedin, Brisbane, Sydney, Hobart, and Melbourne are naturally the commercial ports, the colonists are well able to hold their own in this respect.

BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

We have received numerous appeals for funds to enable the children and others connected with London schools and institutions to be taken for a day into the country. Our regret at not being able to spare space for giving even a bare list of the charities for which help is thus solicited is lessened by the assurance that anyone desirous of aiding in this most praiseworthy object is sure to find in his own neighbourhood, wherever it may be, persons unostentatiously engaged in promoting an outing for the poor of their locality.

Princess Louise opened an Industrial Art Exhibition and Fancy Fair at St. Thomas's Schools, Columbia Market, on Tuesday.

Princess Beatrice presented the prizes last Saturday after-



MAP SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE NEW HEBRIDES.

John Williams in 1839; and though he was murdered at Erromanga soon afterwards, the missionaries did not abandon the work they had so nobly begun. During the last thirty-six years, the Presbyterian Churches of Australasia have employed thirty European missionaries to carry on the work of evangelisation. Of these five have been murdered and five others died. Upon these missions £150,000 has been expended; and even now the Presbyterians are providing £6000 per annum to carry on the work. But, notwithstanding the large amount of interest displayed in social as well as spiritual matters the missionaries find it difficult to raise the islanders very high in the scale of civilisation. They still prefer basking in the sun to hard work, and living in huts to houses. But what the missionaries have done is to impress the natives with an opinion favourable to England, and declare the existence of a God to heathens formerly destitute of religion. The islands of Aneiteum, Tanna, and Sandwich form the southern group of the New Hebrides, and, thanks to missionary enterprise, are fairly well explored. The natives are dark in colour and of moderate stature, although here and there one finds robust and muscular men, with woolly hair like the Africans. They are warlike, but a little friendly confidence will often allay their natural feelings of distrust. The behaviour of Europeans, however, has not been altogether of a nature fitted to gain the affection of the inhabitants, and the labour traffic, which was carried on in order to supply the plantations of Queensland and Fiji, has done a great deal to prevent a state of good feeling existing between the natives and the whites. The New Hebrideans are naturally cannibals, but the missionaries who for years past have been labouring to convert them to Christianity, have, on many islands, succeeded in getting them to abandon human for animal food. The climate of the New Hebrides is not so bad as that of New Guinea, while the soil is fertile and the vegetation luxuriant, a fact perhaps owing to the volcanic nature of the group. Figs, yams, bananas, sago, arrowroot, and, of course, coconuts, are the chief productions, and these are used by the natives as articles of barter for beads, axes, and warlike weapons, and dynamite, whenever they can be obtained. The islands are mountainous. In Tanna there is a volcano, where eruptions, violent and frequent, take place every five or six minutes. As in the North Island of New Zealand, hot springs abound, some of which are utilised for the purpose of boiling potatoes and scalding pigs, while others are just warm enough to make a pleasant bath. Hurricanes, though not frequent, are severe, blowing sometimes with great violence in January and

noon, at St. James's Hall, to upwards of three hundred boys and girls who had written the best essays in the competition originated by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; and on Monday last the Princess and Prince Henry of Battenberg opened a "Hungarian Market" at Willis's Rooms, in aid of the funds of the St. John's Ambulance Association.

Prince Albert Victor of Wales on Thursday week presented the prizes to the successful pupils at the fifty-ninth annual festival of the Infant Orphan Asylum at Wanstead, where there are now 594 little ones, of ages ranging from infancy to fifteen years, who are maintained and educated at a cost of £18,000 annually.

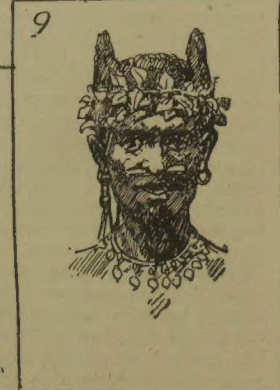
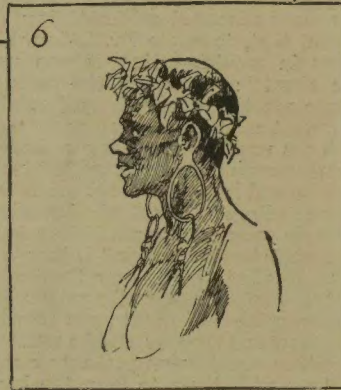
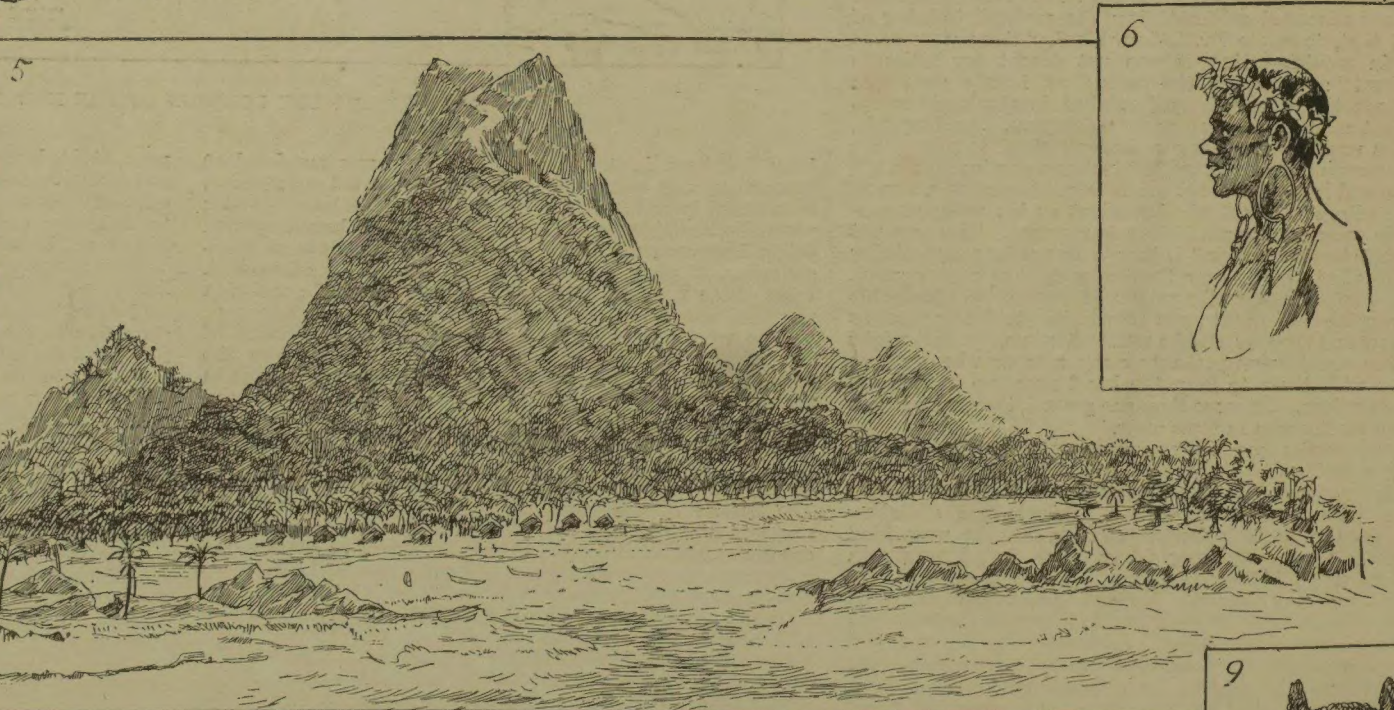
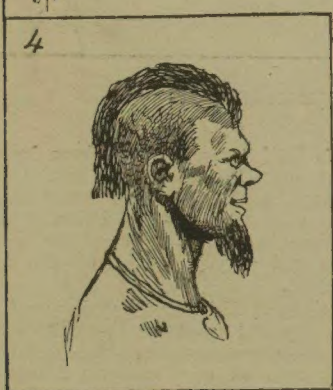
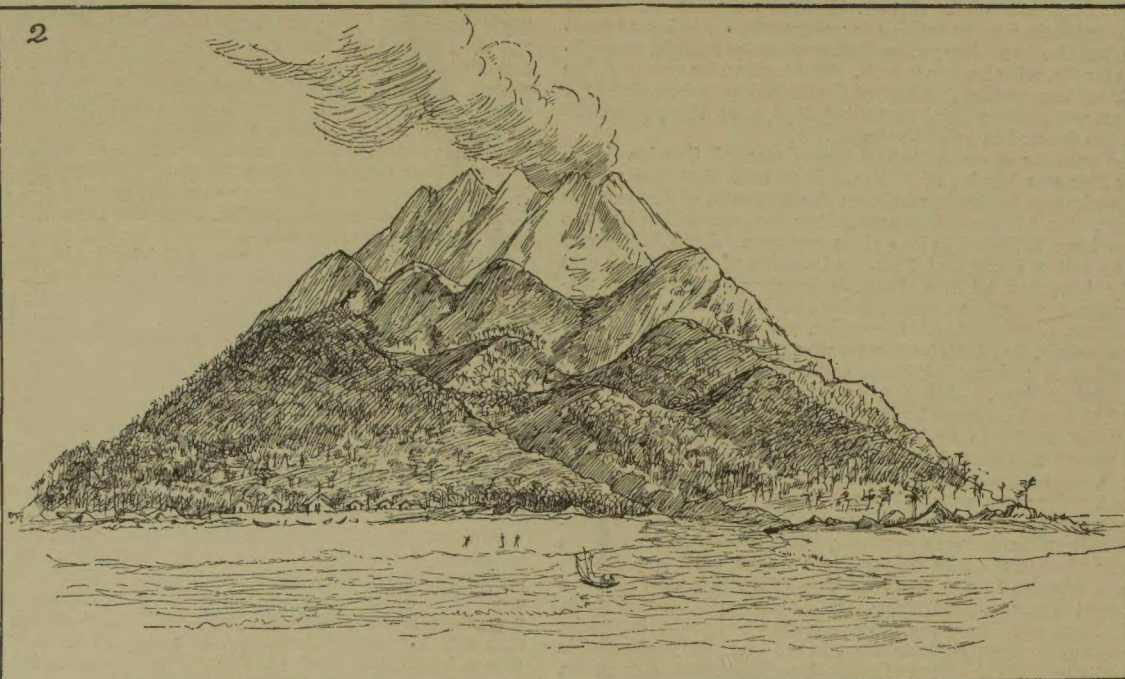
Princess Mary Adelaide, accompanied by the Duke of Teck and Princess Victoria, visited Deptford on Thursday week, and opened to the public the Ravensbourne Recreation Ground, which has been laid out under the auspices of the Metropolitan Public Gardens' Association.

Lord Suffield, as Provincial Grand Master for Norfolk, presided last Saturday at the annual distribution of prizes at the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys at Wood-green. He said that the thanks of the craft and of the subscribers to the institution were eminently due to the head master (the Rev. Dr. Morris) and his staff of assistants for the high state of efficiency to which the schools had been brought.

The festival dinner of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association took place last Saturday at Willis's Rooms, the Lord Chancellor in the chair. Subscriptions amounting to £840 were announced.

A gathering of Scotsmen was held at the Stamford-bridge Grounds last Saturday, in aid of the various national charities of the metropolis, when a long list of athletic competitions, including a contest of pipers, took place. The Duchess of Athole presented the prizes.

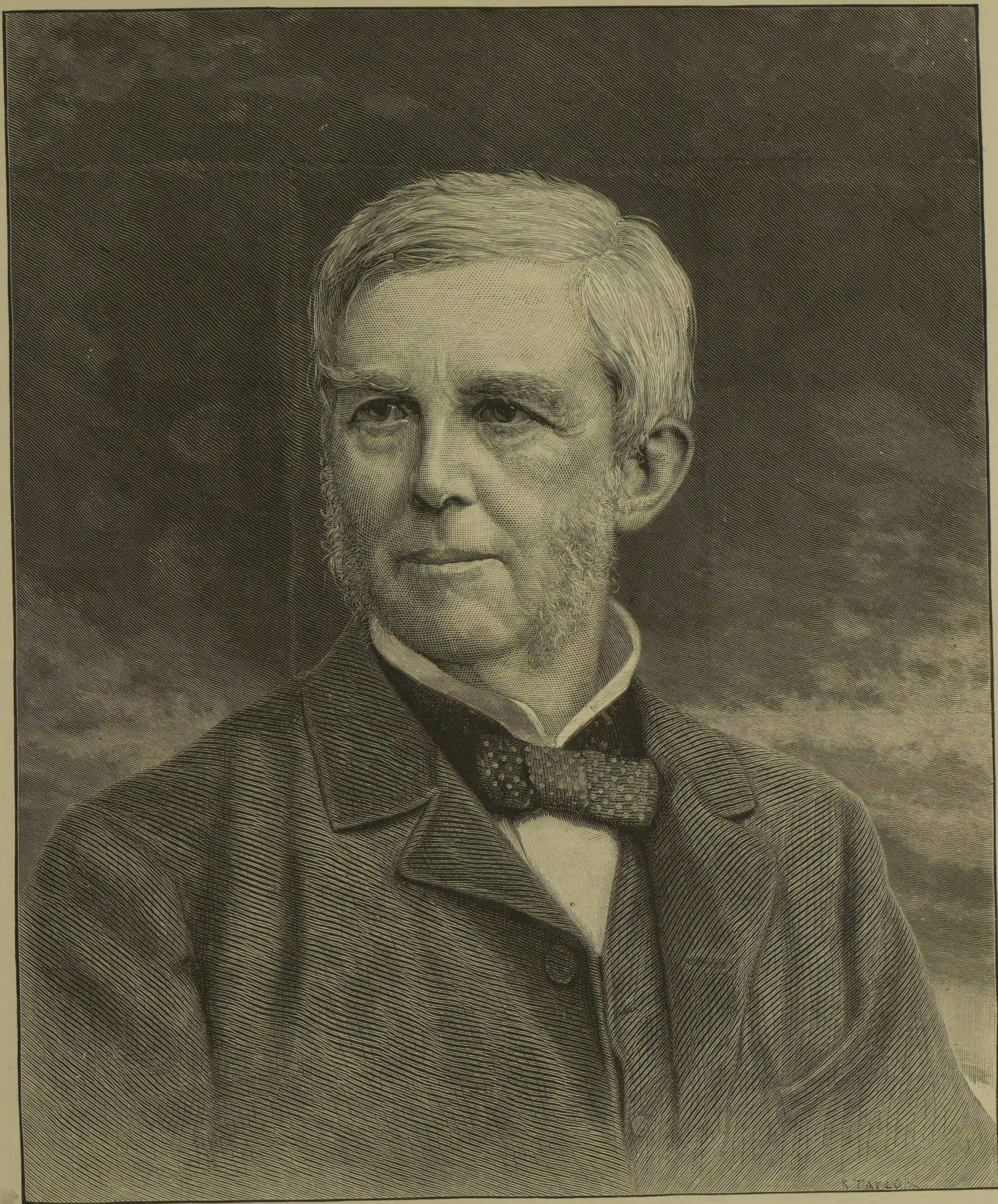
The secretary of the Brompton Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, at Brompton, states that there is no foundation for the belief in regard to that institution that it is rich and well endowed. The £100,000 left by a benevolent lady some years ago was expended in the provision of additional accommodation, and at present funds are urgently needed. Last month's liabilities amounted to £2588, to meet which the amount in hand was only £790, so that, in the absence of some unlooked-for and generous contribution, the governors will again be compelled to sell out a further portion of their limited capital.



1. Woman of Tanna and Woman of Espiritu Santo.
2. Island of Ambrym, an active volcano, 3500 ft. high.
3. Native dance by moonlight, Island of Tanna; Chief waving spear and palm-branch to direct the dancers.

4. Native of Mallicolo.
5. Mota, cone of an extinct volcano, 1350 ft. high.
6. Woman of Tanna; the lobe of her ear distended to 4 in. length.

7. Native of Espiritu Santo (hill-tribe) in dancing costume.
8. Village in the island of Espiritu Santo.
9. Dancing costume: Espiritu Santo hill-tribe.



DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, THE AMERICAN POET AND ESSAYIST.

One of the most esteemed survivors of the admirable group of New England literary men, scholars, thinkers, and authors, whose writings have, during more than forty years, contributed greatly to the instruction and delight of a vast multitude of readers in our own country, has recently been welcomed in English society with deserved honours. After Longfellow, Channing, Emerson, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, who are departed, and James Russell Lowell, who is personally well known among us, none of the leading Massachusetts writers has won more popularity on this side of the Atlantic than Oliver Wendell Holmes. His style, both in prose and verse, has the charm of rare originality of expression, combined with that grace of literary culture, and, when he chooses, that perfection of form, in which the others just mentioned are equal to the classics of English literature at any period. But he is essentially a humourist, with some of the best qualities of Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and perhaps of Sterne, which are displayed in those irresistible essays, the discourses of the "Autocrat," the "Professor," and the

"Poet"—soliloquies at the famous "Breakfast Table" of an imaginary Boston boarding-house, containing a wonderful mixture of wit and whim and fun, shrewd observation of the varieties of human character, and of social oddities and individual peculiarities, with much true wisdom, profound thought, and deep and tender feeling, and with a range of moral sympathies beyond that of mere satirists and jokers. If he be compared in any way to Sterne, it is for his style and method of writing, by which we are constantly reminded of "The Sentimental Journey"; but Wendell Holmes is true, pure, and sincere, and there is no falsetto tone in his occasional pathos, or in the grave eloquence with which he often rises into the heavenly region of universal love and piety. "Sometimes a light surprises" this gay and merry author, while he dallies with the harmless trifles of the world's daily life; then his heart suddenly expands to the widest and loftiest sphere of contemplation; his language, restrained and chastened by solemn sentiment rising within him, becomes intensely fervent; and some great lesson is planted in the unwary mind.

Few comic writers, at least in prose, have had such power of effective transition from surface liveliness and playfulness, from toying with quips and cranks and grotesque caprices to serious exposition of the highest themes; it is not the trick of literary art, but the spontaneous movement of a poetic genius; for Wendell Holmes is also a genuine poet, a born humanist, and, therefore, one of the superior kind of humourists, who alone, Jean Paul says, "have a right to laugh at mankind, because they love mankind with all their heart and soul."

These three series of "Breakfast Table Essays," which may be purchased of Messrs. G. Routledge and Sons, either in separate volumes or in one close-printed volume, with a brief introduction by Mr. G. A. Sala, ought to be so familiar to most readers that we need not here dwell upon their contents. They first began to appear, in 1857, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and were finished in 1872. Dr. Holmes, a native of the town of Cambridge, adjacent to Boston, born in August, 1809, and educated at Harvard University, was a practising physician and surgeon, and long held the professorships of anatomy and

The Council of Legal Education have awarded to Francis Ernest Bradley, Gray's Inn, a studentship in Jurisprudence and Roman Law of 100 guineas, to continue for a period of two years; and to George John Robert Murray, Inner Temple, a studentship in Jurisprudence and Roman Law of 100 guineas, for one year. The council have also awarded to James Herbert Bakewell, Lincoln's Inn, the Barstow Law Scholarship.

OUR COLONIAL AND INDIAN VISITORS.

On Thursday week, upon a special invitation by the directors of the Crystal Palace, a numerous company of the representatives of the British Colonies and India, connected with the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, headed by Sir Charles Tupper, High Commissioner of Canada, visited this popular place of entertainment. They were conveyed from Victoria Station by special train to the Palace, where they were received in the Pompeian Court by Major Dickson and the other directors, and were welcomed to the Palace, consecrated, as the chairman remarked, to the arts of peace, and containing treasures from all parts of the British Empire. After a grand concert in the central transept, and an inspection of the grounds and fountains, the visitors were entertained at dinner, Major Dickson in the chair. Nearly four hundred ladies and gentlemen were present, those from India wearing their native costumes. The loyal toasts were duly honoured. In giving "The British Empire," the chairman remarked that a more interesting gathering had not been held under the roof of the Palace since it covered the Great Exhibition of 1851; and it augured well for the unity of the Empire that representatives from all its parts could assemble together in loyal union in the mother city. In response to the toast, speeches were delivered by the Hon. Graham Berry, of Victoria, Mr. Bhowmuggree, and Sir Charles Tupper. At night the company witnessed a special display of Messrs. Brock's fireworks, of which the principal features were two set pieces—one representing the Prince of Wales, and the other an elaborately-designed pictorial allegory illustrative of Imperial federation.

The Lord Mayor of London and the Lady Mayoress, aided by the Sheriffs, on behalf of the City Corporation, on Friday week entertained the Colonial and Indian visitors at a grand ball at Guildhall. Among the guests, received in the Library, were Sir Charles Tupper (Canada), Sir Saul Samuel (New South Wales), Mr. J. F. Garrick, Mrs. and Miss Garrick (Queensland), Sir A. Blyth (South Australia), Sir P. Cunliffe-Owen, the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham, Sir C. Warren, Sir R. Carden, Sir Peter and Lady Lumsden, and the Hon. Graham Berry (Victoria). The scene was enlivened by the appearance of gorgeously-dressed native gentlemen (and a few ladies) from India and Ceylon. Levée dress or uniform was prescribed for those entitled to wear such attire. The traditional hospitality of the City of London was fully maintained. In six different places, notably in the crypt, supper and light refreshments were served. Dancing began at nine o'clock. The principal ball-room was Guildhall, and the Library and the old Council Chamber were set apart as subsidiary ball-rooms. The octagon chamber, where the Common Council holds its courts, was one of the prettiest sights of the evening. In the passages and staircases, lined with beautiful flowers, ferns and palms, and in the Art Gallery and Museum of Antiquities, straying couples might be encountered. The character of the entertainment was pictorially described on the illuminated card-board sent to be kept as a souvenir. It was designed and printed by Blades and Co., of Abchurch-lane. The border contained the arms or names of the whole of the Colonies, on a background of Indian and Colonial flowers. At the top were the arms of the City of London, supported by a City of London rifle volunteer, an Australian volunteer, an English guardsman, and a native Indian soldier. The National and Royal Standards appeared at the back; at the base of the group were a portion of the Canadian arms, the Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle. In the lower border were the arms of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs. Representatives of North America, Africa, Australia, and India were shown in their native costumes within the Indian arch, which held the words of invitation. There were also engraved views of London, the Guildhall, Calcutta, Sydney, Ottawa, and Capetown. The programmes were equally typical of the occasion.

The Queen Regent of Spain proceeded on Monday afternoon with the infant King to the Atocha Church, where a solemn thanksgiving service was celebrated. Her Majesty was respectfully greeted by an immense number of spectators.

The German Reichstag has finally ratified the Literary Convention between Great Britain and Germany.—Of the painters exhibiting at the present Art Exhibition at Berlin, Messrs. Herkomer and Oulless have been awarded gold medals by the Emperor. Mr. Herkomer's portraits continue to form the chief attraction of the Exhibition.—On Tuesday the meeting of the German Agricultural Society was opened at Dresden, in the presence of the King of Saxony.

Prince Luitpold on Monday took the oath as Regent of Bavaria in the presence of a large assemblage of members of both Houses and persons of distinction.

A Royal Rescript has been issued closing the present Session of the Hungarian Diet, and summoning Parliament to reassemble on Sept. 18.

The widow of the composer Meyerbeer died recently, at Wiesbaden, aged eighty-two.

The Canadian team, who are to compete at the meeting of the National Rifle Association at Wimbledon, sailed from Ottawa on the 24th ult. for England, on board the Allan Line Polynesian.

Señor Don Jose Manuel Balmaceda has been elected President of the Republic of Chili.

News has been received from South Africa to the effect that the railway from Durban to Ladysmith, 90 miles in length, which is directed towards the Transvaal gold-fields, has been opened, amid great rejoicings.

The Viceroy of India has sanctioned the transfer of the Punjab frontier force from the jurisdiction of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab to that of Commander-in-Chief in India.—Colonel Gordon's force recently attacked the Burmese dacoits at Maphe and drove them from their positions, suffering a loss of seven killed and twenty-three wounded. On the arrival of reinforcements, the force under Major Hailes attacked, on the 19th inst., a body of 1500 Burmese in a stockade three miles from Tummo. Though the British had two batteries with them, they were unable to dislodge the enemy, and retired after five hours' severe fighting. Lieutenant Sherbrick was killed on the 26th, and Lieutenant Peacock wounded in a fight with insurgents near Mingyan.

A telegram from Brisbane says that further official reports state that the French only landed on the New Hebrides to protect their fellow countrymen, and that no official hoisting of the French flag took place. It was displayed over a French storehouse, just as the British flag was displayed over another.

The Australian Volunteer team which is to compete at the Wimbledon Rifle Meeting next month arrived at Plymouth last Saturday, on board the Orient Line steam-ship Chimborazo.

The Queen has signified her pleasure that Mr. William Bede Dalley, late Attorney-General and Acting Premier of the colony of New South Wales, and Sir John Rose, Bart., G.C.M.G., one of the Royal Commissioners for the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, and Chairman of the Finance Committee, shall be sworn of her Most Honourable Privy Council.

HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

(By our Paris Correspondent.)

LIMOGES, Monday, June 23.

Exile being at present quite fashionable in certain circles, and imitation being one of the characteristics of man, as it is of the monkey, I have willingly gone into voluntary exile for a few days, and left Paris and the Parisians to the tender mercies of their Parliament and their Municipal Council, after having witnessed the departure of the Princes. The spectacle did not impress me as being a manifestation of anything but curiosity.

Limoges is one of those many interesting towns of which the guide-books speak sparingly and suggest that the tourist may see it thoroughly in a single day. Doubtless. And the next day he will have forgotten all about it. There are two points of view from which Limoges is of very great interest—first of all as a mediæval town, and, secondly, as the centre of French porcelain manufacture. Modern improvements, broad streets, and fine new buildings are not unknown at Limoges, but the greater part of the town is composed of narrow streets about two yards wide, lined with quaint old houses built centuries ago, with red and crinkled tile-roofs projecting over the roadway, gables at all possible angles, timbers forming net-work over the walls, and Gothic or Roman entrances with doors studded with big nails like the doors of a prison. The general aspect of the town is most picturesque. It is built on two hills, that rise and form a sort of amphitheatre, from which you see the river Vienne winding through an immense valley. On the summit of one of these hills is the cathedral; and on the summit of the other the churches of Saint Michel des Lions and Saint Pierre, each possessing fine and bold spires. The guide-books will tell you all about the churches and about the beautiful though sadly mutilated Jubé, in pure François I. style, in the nave of St. Etienne. These Gothic monuments merit careful examination; but, after all, one can understand that the traveller may grow tired of seeing Gothic architecture.

Let us, therefore, say no more about the churches, but rather ramble along the tortuous old streets and see the inhabitants and their ways of living. Starting from the Place St. Etienne, in front of the cathedral, we will bear to the left and descend the Rue des Petits Carmes towards the river. The more rapid the descent becomes, the more strange is the silhouette of the houses, with their red-tile roofs rising in tiers one above the other, with poles extending horizontally from the windows for hanging sun-screens upon, and with the upper storey open to the air and forming a sort of loggia. The street is full of women and children, mixed up with brindled dogs and chickens. In the smoky interiors the fire slumbers on the hearth, but most of the domestic operations seem to take place in the gutter, for the street is so steep and narrow that vehicles can scarcely venture in it to disturb the inhabitants. Looking down the street we see an old Roman bridge with half-oval refuges on each side, and beyond that the faubourg and green hills rising gently to the horizon. At certain hours of the day a procession of washerwomen, with clanking wooden shoes, labours up the street, bending beneath a burden of linen which they carry on their backs slung from a band called *serpelière*, which passes across their forehead, their heads bound tightly with a kerchief of brilliant check cotton. The Limoges washerwomen occupy both banks of the Vienne, which are studded with slabs of granite, on which they beat their linen with *battoirs* in the shape of a flattened mallet. These hard-working women are the wives of the watermen who from time immemorial have lived in this particular quarter of the town, which is called Le Naveix, from the Latin *navigium*, according to local antiquaries. The men who live in this quarter are called *naveteaux*, and their business is to guide and collect the wood which is floated down the Vienne from the mountains up the river, of which immense piles are stored up on the banks. This custom of floating loose fire-wood is known only on the Vienne, and the curious weirs that we see just above the bridge are destined to catch it. One of these stockades, or *ramiers*, stretches across the whole breadth of the river, and two smaller stockades are placed a few score yards lower down. The *ramier* is constructed of big tree-trunks planted in the bed of the river root upwards, and at an angle of forty-five degrees, the interstices being filled in with smaller poles. This hedge stops the floating wood, and the *naveteaux* in their punts drag it ashore with poles and hooks. This method may not be the best possible, but the oldest plans of the town show the *ramier*, and the *naveteaux* have always plied their curious trade as it is plied at the present day. This is a sufficient reason for leaving things as they are, especially in a town so respectful of tradition as Limoges is.

In all the other old quarters of the town the stranger notices the force of tradition. Limoges has remained in a great measure unchanged since the Middle Ages. The common people still talk the trilling and vibrating Provençal patois which we find written in the old documents of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The favourite head-dress of the women is still the *barbiche*, which we see portrayed on the Limoges enamels of the time of the Renaissance—a white cap, slightly starched, with broad wings falling from the forehead and floating loosely over the shoulders. The very dogs of Limoges have a mediæval wolfish look, with their rough grey brindled coats; and the few horses that one sees in the old parts of the town are of the most unimproved and primitive lines. But horses at Limoges—and, indeed, in all the Limousin country—are not much used; the beasts of draught are oxen and cows, which one sees, harnessed by twos and fours, dragging great loads by a simple band across the forehead, and without yoke or other harness. How obstinately opposed to progress these Limousins must be, one thinks as one sees their primitive teams. But the Limousin will reply that the ox is the traditional draught-beast of the country—stronger, more patient, and more economical than the horse. A yoke of oxen costs 600*fr.*, and after working three or four years the oxen may be fattened and sold to the butcher for 1200*fr.* the yoke. The cows, which may be used for light work, give every year a calf, which is sold for 100*fr.*; and after two or three years' work they, too, may be fattened and sold for meat. Furthermore, if any accident happen to an ox his carcass is always good for meat, whereas a horse that has to be killed is a dead loss. Finally, two oxen will pull a heavier load than four horses, and pull it for a longer time. So say the Limousins; and their argument seems reasonable, and their business prospers; so let us say nothing more about progress, and admire, without criticising, the gentle yellow kine that stride slowly along the Limoges streets with fern garlands hanging from their horns to protect them from the summer flies. Having observed none but yellow oxen in the country, I asked a native this morning if all the oxen were of this shade. "Mon Dieu! monsieur," he replied, "ce n'est pas défendu d'avoir des bestiaux d'une autre couleur!" But, he might have added, it is not the custom.

My allotted space is already filled, so that I must reserve until next week my notes about the Limoges butchers, a curious corporation, which still exists precisely as it was organised in the Middle Ages.

T. C.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

M. Maurel made his first appearance here this season on Thursday week, in the title-character of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," in which the accomplished French baritone acted with vivacity and refinement, and sang in highly artistic style. His performance even enhanced the distinguished position previously held here by him. Madame Cepeda gave the music of Donna Anna with earnest dramatic feeling, as did Mdlle. Valda that of Elvira; Mdlle. Téodorini having been heard to less advantage as Zerlina than in the characters of a more serious class in which she had previously appeared. Signor Marini was efficient as Don Ottavio, as were Signori Pinto and Carbone, respectively, as Leporello and Masetto.

On Saturday afternoon "Faust" was given, as promised on the previous Saturday, but postponed on account of the indisposition of Signor Gayarre. As this continued, the character of Faust was transferred to Signor De Falco, who made his first appearance in England. His voice is not disagreeable in quality, but seems scarcely powerful enough for a large theatre, and, moreover, he appears to want experience as an actor. Miss Ella Russell, as Margherita, sang with refinement and charm, as in her former impersonations; and the cast was otherwise as in previous performances. "Un Ballo in Maschera" was repeated on Saturday evening, with the transference to M. Maurel of the character of Renato, which was finely sustained by the French baritone. Operas as recently given were announced for Tuesday and Thursday; and for this (Saturday) evening Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro" was promised, with a strong cast.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

On Tuesday evening a new comic opera, entitled "Frivoli," was produced. The original French book is by M. Hervé, who is also the composer of the music. The English adaptation of the libretto has been made by Mr. W. Beatty Kingston. The plot turns on the adventures of a wandering Neapolitan street-singer, who gets into disgrace from his resemblance to a certain libertine Marquis. Being taken in the service of the Chevalier De Ligny, Frivoli becomes the innocent cause of various involvements, retrieving himself by contriving the capture of an Austrian regiment by the Italian peasantry and ultimately proving to be the long-lost son of the Duke di Begonia, and marrying a Marchioness. The episode of the loves of the Chevalier and Rosella (daughter of Count di Serda) and other incidents, make up the three acts of a book which may be greatly improved by condensation, particularly in the last act. M. Hervé's music is bright and tuneful throughout; and, if it does not rise to the height of the opéra-comique as developed by Boieldieu, Auber, and other French composers, it is somewhat above the level of the commonplace opéra-bouffe style, such as Paris has given us some examples of in recent years. Frivoli's air, and a pleasing love-duet for the Chevalier and Rosella, in the first act; Frivoli's song, a lively quintet, and an effective chorus of peasants and drummers, in the second act; the Count's air (in ballad style), and another duet for the lovers, in the third act, may be mentioned as being among the prominent pieces. The first and second finales are spirited, and so is the ballet-music. Madame Rose Hersee sang and acted well as Frivoli, Miss M. Tempest's agreeable voice gave charm to the music of Rosella, and Misses Martin, Munroe, E. Vane, and Soldene were efficient, respectively, in the characters of Harriet (Rosella's cousin), the Marchioness di Piombino, Nina (the innkeeper's daughter), and the Duchess di Begonia. Mr. Pierpoint as the Chevalier, and Mr. Thorndike as the Count, sang much better than they acted. Mr. Harry Nicholls as the Duke, Mr. Pateman as the Austrian Major, and V. Stevens as Pietro, the innkeeper, each displayed much quaint humour; and other characters were efficiently filled. The piece is splendidly mounted, with beautiful scenery by Mr. H. Emden, and gorgeous costumes. The ballet action, especially that in the last act, is of high excellence. A thoroughly good orchestra and an effective chorus are engaged, under the able conductorship of Mr. Oscar Barrett. "Frivoli" was well received throughout, and the composer, Mr. Augustus Harris, and Madame Katti Lanner were called forward.

The four-weeks' season of the Carl Rosa Opera Company at Drury-Lane Theatre closed last Saturday evening with a repetition of "Nadeshda" in the afternoon and "Carmen" in the evening. The short series of performances has been of varied attractiveness, and has included the production of Mr. Mackenzie's new grand opera "The Troubadour," one of several English operas that have been commissioned by Mr. Rosa during his managerial career. The London performances have been ably conducted by himself and Mr. Gossens, in alternation.

Mr. Ambrose Austin's second Patti concert at the Royal Albert Hall last week was a repetition of the success which attended the previous occasion. The great prima donna again manifested her exceptional excellence.

A third concert was given by the Russian choir, directed by M. Slaviansky, at St. James's Hall, yesterday (Friday) week, when the fine singing of the choristers was again displayed in a selection of national music.

A grand concert, on the Handel Festival scale, was given at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, when the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal family were present. The concert took place on the Handel orchestra, and the programme included an effective festival march—for orchestra, military band, and chorus—composed by Mr. Manns, who has introduced a Danish air. Madame Valleria, Mr. E. Lloyd, and other artists contributed to the performances.

The ninth and last Richter concert of the thirteenth series took place at St. James's Hall on Monday evening, when Beethoven's grand Mass in D ("Missa Solennis") was performed. This greatest work of its class received a fine interpretation.

Madame Szarvady, the eminent pianist, formerly known as Wilhelmina Clauss, gave a recital at the residence of Countess Cowper, St. James's-square, on Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. Isidore De Lara's morning concert took place at Steinway Hall on Tuesday.

Madame Sanderini's matinée musicale at St. James's Hall, on Monday, comprised her own vocal performances and those of other artists, besides instrumental pieces.

The competition, at the Royal Academy of Music, for the Sterndale Bennett Prize took place on Monday, the prize being awarded to Ethel Boyce. The Heathcote Long Prize was also competed for, and was awarded to Albert Fox.

The first concert of the Burlington Academy Orchestra was given last Saturday at Burlington Hall.—M. Theodore Werner, of Amsterdam, gave a matinée musicale on Monday at 175, Bond-street.—Mr. Charles Hallé gives the eighth and last of his concerts this season this (Saturday) afternoon.

Madame Dukas will give her second concert of the season next Wednesday evening at Steinway Hall.

Of the last concert of the season of Mr. Henry Leslie's choir we must speak next week.



SKETCHES AT THE BALL GIVEN TO THE COLONIAL AND INDIAN VISITORS AT THE GUILDHALL.



AT BOULTER'S LOCK, MAIDENHEAD, ON THE WAY TO HENLEY REGATTA.—DRAWN BY LUCIEN DAVIS.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The enormous increase of the play-loving population in London must account for "long runs," and, as some think, wearisome repetition of the same play. It takes many months, not weeks, to exhaust the popularity of a good play, and to cool the welcome granted to intelligent players. We have with us this summer a company of American comedians of first-class merit. I allude, of course, to Mr. Daly's artistic companions who have pitched their tent in the Strand, previous to a delightful wandering tour in France and Germany. When at home they always act together; they are a united and happy family, and the *mot d'ordre* of the association is to produce many plays and not act them too often. This was the good old rule at the Haymarket under Webster and Buckstone; this was the plan originally devised by the Bancrofts at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in the Tottenham-court-road; but in the end it was found that clever and good plays were perennial, and that the wants of the majority, as Henry Irving has expressed it, must be satisfied. Students of dramatic art must not be selfish. When they have had their peep at the show, they must courteously stand aside and allow others to peep too. I must confess that I should have liked to see a little more of the Daly Company, to have enjoyed the full benefit of their repertoire; but the season is fast drawing to a close, the summer is slipping away, other engagements will soon summon these merry people elsewhere, and as yet it is only at chance morning performances that we have been able to see anything else but the amusing "Night Off" that has filled the theatre ever since these comedians arrived. There was one such opportunity given last Saturday, when they broke away from the fun of German farce—the inevitable professor, the straight-laced wife, the inoffensive intrigue, the passionate young lovers, the cantankerous couples, and the comic maid-servant—to give us a version of Colley Cibber's "She Would and She Would Not," carefully arranged to suit modern life and modern manners. Mr. Daly is to be congratulated on his skill in editing this famous stage classic, and if his lead could only be followed by some artistic student of the old drama, the rich fruit of our forgotten play-books might fall at our feet, and there would be little necessity to dig deep enough, and to sink the necessary shaft. There are two performances in this play of really remarkable significance, and invested with the real spirit of comedy. I allude to the Doña Hippolyta of Miss Ada Rehan, and the Trapanti of Mr. James Lewis. Miss Rehan has a manner and a style absolutely original. It is thought an easy thing for a handsome girl to dress up as a Spanish Cavalier, and to take the stage with strut and swagger. But the art of Miss Rehan is very different from that of the amiable young lady who goes to a fancy ball, in a man's dress of picturesque shape, borrowed from the costumier. Miss Ada Rehan aptly caricatures the tricks and affectations of the dashing youth she personates. She is never too loud, never too boisterous, never too pronounced in her borrowed manner; but as the words ripple off her tongue, and as the various expressions chase one another across her face, we can see that she possesses that gift, so rare in women, of pungent and genuine humour. There is a "laughing devil" in her eye, to say nothing of her "sneer," that colours every part she clothes with her own extraordinary individuality. The skill of Mr. Lewis is further shown by his Trapanti, one of those quaint odd characters, dry and phlegmatic, that were for years associated with the name of Henry Compton. What an admirable Shakespearean clown Mr. Lewis would make! It would be a rare treat to see him play Touchstone or Autolycus. Mr. John Drew and Miss Virgine Dreher are also seen to great advantage in this old play.

The reception of Mr. Henry Irving by the dons and undergraduates of the University of Oxford was in every way flattering and enthusiastic. For the third time has the actor who is held in such just esteem responded to an invitation offered to him by a seat of learning. His first public University lecture was at Dublin; his second at Harvard, in America; his third in the new schools of the University of Oxford, in the presence of the Master of Balliol, Vice-Chancellor of the University, the Dean of Christ Church, the proctors, and the heads of houses. It was a brilliant scene as Henry Irving advanced up the magnificent hall to the rostrum of the Examiner in the Schools, preceded by the Vice-Chancellor, who was his host, and cheered heartily by the fifteen hundred spectators of either sex who had luckily secured seats. With great good taste, the actor who was held in such honour avoided all controversial matter. He did not seize this public occasion for prating about the social position of actors or actresses, or treading upon any tender corn. He did not launch an avalanche of abuse at his critics, or hold his detractors up to ridicule. He did not side with this or that angry author or jealous rival, and thereby create controversy. He did not discuss that wearisome subject, debated *ad nauseam*, whether the stage is better or worse than it was before. He did not claim public subsidy, or care one fig whether his professional brethren were socially better bred or better educated than they used to be, or are more fit to dine with Dukes or pour out afternoon tea for Duchesses. He contented himself modestly with telling the life-story of four celebrated actors who have illustrated art in successive stages from the days of Shakespeare, and in discussing the art influence of Burbage, Betterton, Garrick, and Edmund Kean. If he had any sly hit to make at modern life and manners, he did it with exceeding modesty, and always with good taste. The delivery of the address was admirable. Every point that could be made was made with telling effect. The preachy style of the lecture was systematically avoided, and the naturalness that the actor advocated on the stage was consistently followed in the lecture-hall. Twice, at least, he roused the audience to honest enthusiasm; once when he spoke Hamlet's speech to the players, and next when he described, with telling and dramatic effect, the story of Edmund Kean's triumph at Drury-Lane. Of the partiality of Mr. Irving for Kean there can be no question. All his best fervour, all his pent-up enthusiasm was reserved for the sad record of this great genius. It was a difficult matter to sum up the dramatic moments of such a life in so short a space, but it was admirably done. The Vice-Chancellor added considerably to the compliment paid to Mr. Irving by adding a few admirable remarks bearing on the matter of the lecture, and graciously completing the list of stage heroes by adding the names of William Charles Macready and Henry Irving. Thus the "bede-roll" of talent was complete, and the success of the evening was crowned with an appropriate epilogue. The last act of courtesy was performed by the undergraduates, who presented their favourite actor with an illuminated address and a handsomely-bound "Life of Shakespeare." The donors were not only members of the University Amateur Dramatic Club, but representatives of the leading athletic, social, and literary institutions of Oxford. Mr. Irving's visit, which was assisted by the loveliest of June weather, will long be remembered as the chief event of the Oxford Commemoration festivities of 1886. C. S.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

A B S (Tetford).—We have pleasure in publishing the information received from you. E L P (Lancing).—The problems are too elementary for the general public.

Comp (Lynn).—No. 2204 is entirely original, and in conception and construction is unlike any published problem that we have seen.

PROBLEMS received, with thanks, from J. Pierce, M.A., J. C. West, and Mack.

F H (Munich).—A handsome little volume. We shall have pleasure in noticing it next week.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2191 to 2196 received from O H B (Richmond, Cape of Good Hope); of 2193 to 2196 from J S Logan (Blackburn, Natal); of 2195 from C P (New Jersey, U.S.A.); of 2202 to 2204 and Mrs. ROWLAND'S PROBLEM, from Pierre Jones; of 2201 from T Roberts; of 2202 from T Roberts, Congo, and R W Williams; of 2203 from C E P, Alpha, and Delta.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 2204 received from Comp (Lynn), E Featherstone, John Hodgson, L Falcon (Antwerp), C J Stedman, Jupiter Junior, W Hillier, T Roberts, Otto Fulder, W Biddle, H Lucas, J G Gaskell, C Oswald, Julia Short, R L Southwell, L Wyman, R H Brooks, Nerina, W R Raillem, R Tweddell, H Wardell, Thomas Chown, Ben Nevis, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, E Casella (Paris), Joseph Ainsworth, Oliver Jeingla, E Elsbury, G W Law, J C West, H Reeve, S Bullen, Hecward, B R Wood, Peterhouse, Edmund Bygott, C E P, No Name (The First), T Roberts, E E H, E London, C Darnagh, and Edmund Field.

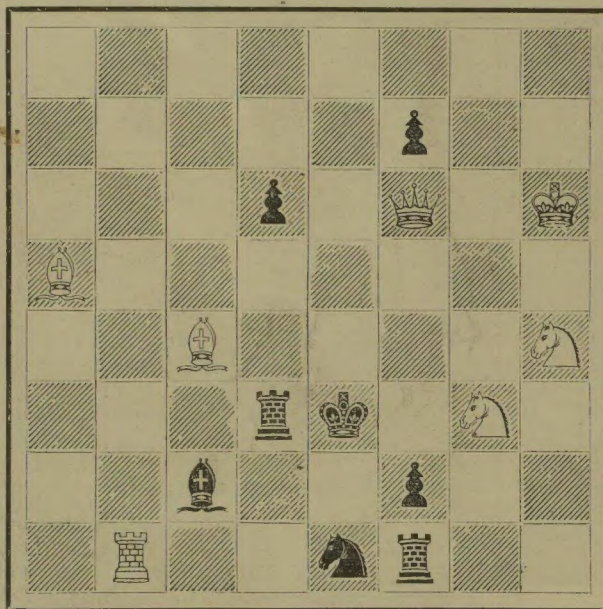
SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

No. 2193.		No. 2196.	
WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to K B 7th (ch)	K to K 2nd	1. Kt to K R 4th	P takes Kt
2. Q to Q 5th (ch)	K moves	2. Kt to Kt 6th (ch)	K to K 3rd
3. Q mates.		3. R takes Kt. Mate.	
No. 2191.		No. 2197.	
WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to K 5th	Any move	1. B to Q B 5th	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.		2. Mates accordingly.	
No. 2195.		No. 2198.	
WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Q 3rd	P takes Kt	1. Kt to B 2nd (ch)	K to K 5th
2. P to Q B 4th (ch)	Any move	2. Q to K B 3rd	K to B 4th
3. Mates accordingly.		3. Kt to K 3rd. Mate.	
No. 2199.		No. 2200.	
WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. K to R 4th	Any move.	1. K to R 4th	Any move.
2. Mates accordingly.		2. Mates accordingly.	

PROBLEM No. 2206.

By SAMUEL LOYD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

An amusing little Game played recently at the British Chess Club. The Rev. G. A. MACDONNELL gives a well-known Amateur the odds of Q Kt. (Keats' Gambit. Remove White's Q Kt from the board).

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Amateur).	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Amateur).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	13. Q to R 5th	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	14. The attack of the combined Q and Kt on the King's quarters is a favourite manoeuvre of Mr. Macdonnell's.	
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	15. P to B 5th	Q B to B 4th
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes Kt P	16. P to B 6th (ch)	B takes Kt
5. Castles	Kt to B 3rd	17. B to R 6th	Q to Q 3rd
6. P to B 3rd	B to R 4th	18. K to R 5th	K to R sq
7. Kt to K 5th		19. B to Kt 7th (ch)	Kt to K 4th
Not the best line of attack; but in giving large odds something must be risked.		20. Q to Kt 5th	K to Kt sq
7. Castles		21. Q to R 6th	Kt to Kt 3rd
8. P to B 4th	B to Kt 3rd (ch)	22. B to R 8th	K to B sq
9. P to Q 4th	P takes Q P	23. B to K 7th.	
10. P to K 5th	P to Q 4th	Abandoned as drawn.	
11. P takes Kt	P takes B		
12. P takes Kt P	K takes P		

COUNTIES' CHESS ASSOCIATION.

Our readers are reminded that the next meeting of the association will be opened at Nottingham on Aug. 2. The programme will include the usual class competitions, and the prizes will be similar to those offered in previous years. The first class will be divided into two sections, as before, and the following items in the programme have been decided upon:—

Class I.—Division 1: Open to British amateurs (on subscription of £1 1s.) who have previously won the first prize at a meeting of the association, or who, in the opinion of the committee, have otherwise qualified themselves to enter this section. First prize, £12; second prize, £5; third prize, £2.

Class I.—Division 2: Open to British amateurs (on subscription of £1 1s.) not qualified as above. First prize, £10; second prize, £4; third prize, £2.

Class II.—Open to British amateurs (on subscription of 10s. 6d.) not strong enough for Class I. First prize, £7; second prize, £4; third prize, £2.

Class III.—The prizes in this class will depend on the number of entrants. The entrance fee is 5s.

Handicap.—Open to all, on subscription of 5s. First prize, £5; second prize, £3; third prize, £1.

The committee will increase the number and value of the prizes in Classes I. and II., if the funds enable them to do so. In any case, there will be consolation prizes for the unsuccessful competitors in the second division of Class I., and also in Class II.

The third and fourth prizes will not be given in any class unless there are more than six competitors.

In addition to the above usual classes, an evening tournament will be arranged specially for local players. The Mayor of Nottingham has offered a prize for this class, and other prizes will be provided by the committee, according to the number of entrants.

The local committee hope to have the means at their disposal to furnish prizes for a masters' class, which would be open to players from all parts of the world. With anything like liberal support, the Nottingham committee will be able to offer prizes sufficiently valuable to attract the foreign experts.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Rev. A. B. Skipworth, Tetford Rectory, Horncastle, the hon. secretary of the association; or from Mr. T. Marriott, Yew Tree Avenue, Carrington, Nottingham.

Concerning our problem this week, the composer writes:—"It was constructed in three-quarters of an hour, and it occupied several players more than that length of time to solve. I gave it to Steinitz, and he pronounced it the finest two-move problem he had ever seen." We shall be glad to know what our readers think of it.

The match between Messrs. Bird and Gunsberg ended in favour of the latter with the score of five games to one and three draws. Mr. Gunsberg may be safely regarded as the coming "master" of London chess circles.

At a garden party given by one of the most liberal patrons of chess in this country, Mr. Gibson, of Ditton Hill, on Saturday last, the success of the afternoon was a concert, consisting, in the main, of Scottish minstrelsy. Conspicuous among the successes were Madame Telma's "Jock o' Hazeldean," Miss Louise Lyle's "Callie Herrin," Mr. Walsham's "Mary of Argyll," Mr. Pratt's "A man's a man, for a' that," and Mr. Brand's "Ask nothing more." Miss Muschamp presided at the pianoforte, and, as usual with that promising young artist, was perfect in the solo and sympathetic in accompaniment.

GOING TO HENLEY REGATTA.

Of the early days of July, before the English season of fashionable gaiety begins to melt away in the dispersion of summer tourists and seekers of health on moor and mountain and the shores of the sea, few days are more promising than those at Henley. This regatta may be considered as the Ascot of aquatic racing, if the annual contest between Oxford and Cambridge Universities, from Putney to Mortlake, is the Derby of the Thames. It is a grand occasion for social gathering, rather of the class of those who can afford a little extra expense in such open-air pleasures, and who are apt to dress for the meeting with a certain degree of style and smartness, than of the scrambling multitude of ordinary London townfolk. The river, as far up as this point, sixty-four miles from London, affords delightful recreation in fine settled weather, and though not, on regatta days, free from crowding, is always free from the great nuisance of dust, which cannot be avoided in driving to a racecourse, and which is apt there to spoil the effect of fair complexions and of bright summer attire. There are many family and private reasons for ladies feeling a particular interest in the performances of the different College Clubs, those of the Public Schools, and the Rowing Clubs of the Thames, which compete for prizes and the honours of temporary superiority over the piece of water below the Red Lion, coming up just in front of the pleasant lawn close to Henley Bridge. For parties going to the scene of action by way of the river, starting perhaps from Maidenhead, with a safe and comfortable boat and skilful oarsmen, the pleasant little voyage, and the changing sights of beautiful meadow and sylvan scenery on the banks, are full of enjoyment. Even the brief detention at one of the locks, if all be managed properly and carefully, is rather amusing when they have plenty of time to spare; and our Artist's Sketch of such an incident at Boulter's Lock, near Maidenhead, will bring it to remembrance in the minds of some of our readers.

OBITUARY.

SIR C. J. F. BUNBURY, BART.

Sir Charles James Fox Bunbury, eighth Baronet, of Barton Hall, Suffolk, J.P. and D.L., died on the 18th ult. He was born Feb. 4, 1809, the eldest son of Lieut.-General Sir Henry Edward Bunbury, seventh Baronet, K.C.B., at one time Under-Secretary of State for War, by Louisa Emilia, his wife, daughter of General the Hon. Henry Edward Fox. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, succeeded to the baronetcy at the death of his father, April 13, 1860, and served as High Sheriff of Suffolk in 1868. He twice unsuccessfully contested the borough of Bury St. Edmunds, near which he resided, at Barton Hall. He married, May 31, 1844, Frances Joanna, daughter of Mr. Leonard Horner, F.R.S., but had no issue. The title, which dates from the year 1681, devolves consequently on his brother, now Sir Edward Herbert Bunbury, ninth Baronet, M.A., Barrister-at-Law, M.P. for Bury St. Edmunds 1847 to 1852. The old family seat of Stanney Hall, from which the baronetcy is designated, was acquired by marriage in the time of King Edward III., but was sold in 1859.

MR. R. P. TYRWHITT.

Mr. Robert Philip Tyrwhitt, Barrister-at-Law, formerly one of the metropolitan police magistrates, died at Oxford on the 18th ult., in his eighty-eighth year. He was eldest son of Mr. Richard Tyrwhitt, of Nantyr Hall, Recorder of Chester, and cousin of Sir Henry Thomas Tyrwhitt, Bart. He married, Sept. 30, 1824, Catherine Wigley, daughter of Mr. Henry St. John, youngest son of the Hon. and Very Rev. St. Andrew St. John, Dean of Worcester, and leaves three sons.

COLONEL WOMBWELL.

Colonel Adolphus Ulick Wombwell, late 12th Lancers, died on the 21st ult., at 10, Upper Brook-street, aged fifty-two. He was second son of the late Sir George Wombwell, third Baronet, of Wombwell, by Georgiana, his wife, daughter of Mr. Thomas Orby Hunter, of Crowland Abbey, Lincolnshire. He early entered the Army, and served in the Crimea, taking part in the sortie of April 6, 1855, and the attack on the Quarries of June 8. He was subsequently in India during the Mutiny, with the 12th Lancers, and was present at the actions of Banda, Jeejunge, Kobrai, and Kiswee. He had two medals, a clasp, and a Turkish medal. He married, Sept. 23, 1862, Mary Caroline, second daughter of Colonel Myddelton Biddulph, M.P., of Chirk Castle, and leaves one daughter.

MR. LEE-WARNER.

Mr. Henry James Lee-Warner, of Walsingham Abbey, Norfolk, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff 1864, died on the 20th ult., aged seventy-seven. He was one of the chief landed gentlemen of his county, the eldest son of the Rev. D. Henry Lee-Warner, of Walsingham Abbey, whose father, Mr. Henry Woodward, assumed the surnames of Lee-Warner on succeeding to the extensive estates of the Lee-Warners. Maternally, he descended from the old Herefordshire family of Brydges, of Tyberton Court. He was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford, and married, 1846, Ellen Rosetta, daughter of Mr. Jonathan Bullock, of Faulkbourne Hall, Essex, and leaves issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Sir W. Maxwell, Bart., whose memoir will be given next week.

The Rev. Canon Scott, Vicar of Wisbeach and Rural Dean, on the 17th ult., in his seventy-seventh year.

The Rev. Henry Thorpe, Rector of Aston-le-Walls, Northamptonshire, on the 14th ult., in the eighty-third year of his age, and the fifty-fifth of his incumbency.

Mr. Alexander Nesbitt, F.S.A., of Lismore, in the county of Cavan, and Oldlands, Sussex, D.L., High Sheriff of the former county in 1862, on the 21st ult., aged sixty-nine.

Mr. Raymond Pelly, of Hollington, Sussex, J.P. and D.L. for Essex, second son of the late Sir John Henry Pelly, Bart., on the 21st ult., aged seventy-six.

The Hon. Newman Lesingham Bailey, of Eltham, Kent, Chief Justice of the Gold Coast Colony, on May 29, at Accra. He was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1876, and appointed Chief Justice of the Gold Coast in 1882.

General Henry A. Hankey, at his residence, Cliffe House, Sandgate, on the 24th ult., aged eighty-three. He entered the Army as an Ensign of the 10th Regiment in 1823, and attained the rank of General in 1871. He was regimental Colonel of the 1st Dragoon Guards.

The annual excursion to Hastings and St. Leonards, in aid of the funds of the Printing Machine Managers' Superannuation Fund, takes place to-day (Saturday). The committee are again enabled, through the kindness of the Brighton Railway Company, to provide accommodation on a most liberal scale. The excursion will be from Saturday to Monday, one, two, or three days, at the option of the ticket-holder, starting from either London Bridge or Victoria Station; and the fare, there and back, is 6s. for three days, or 5s. for one day.

THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, Princess Louis, and the infant Princess Alice of Battenberg, arrived at Windsor Castle yesterday week from Balmoral. Prince Henry of Battenberg, who arrived at the castle the previous evening from Germany, met her Majesty at the railway station, and accompanied her and the Princesses to the castle. The Queen held a Council on Saturday afternoon, when a proclamation was issued dissolving Parliament, and ordering another to meet on Aug. 5. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg went to London, and were present at the annual meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in St. James's Hall, where her Royal Highness distributed the prizes. Her Majesty and the Royal family and some of the household attended Divine service at the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore on Sunday morning. The Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiated. Prince Louis of Battenberg, who arrived at the castle on Friday, left on Sunday evening for Portsmouth. On Monday the Queen drove out, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry and Princess Louis of Battenberg. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg went to London. The forty-eighth anniversary of her Majesty's coronation, which occurred on this day, was kept with the usual honours. The Russian Choir visited Windsor Castle on Tuesday afternoon, and sang a selection of Russian and Bulgarian songs before the Queen and Court. The Queen opened the Royal Holloway College, at Mount Lee, Egham, on Wednesday afternoon. Her Majesty was accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Extensive preparations were made at the Royal Pavilion, Aldershot, for the reception of her Majesty and suite on Friday.

By command of the Queen, the Prince of Wales held a

Levé yesterday week at St. James's Palace, on behalf of her Majesty, which was very numerous attended, and at which many presentations were made. The Princess, who was accompanied by the Prince and their three daughters, opened, in the afternoon, the new wing recently added to Queen Charlotte's Lying-In Hospital, in the Marylebone-road, in the presence of a large company. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by their daughters, were present at a concert given by M. Slaviansky's Russian Choir, in St. James's Hall, in the evening. Last Saturday the Prince paid a visit to the Pall-mall Gallery (opposite Marlborough House), to inspect the Exhibition of the War Sketches of Mr. Melton Prior, the Special Artist of the *Illustrated London News*, made by him during the Soudan campaign and Lord Wolseley's Nile Expedition to rescue the late General Gordon. His Royal Highness expressed himself greatly pleased with the Exhibition, and graciously offered the loan of Mr. Emil Adams' great picture, "Stag-Hunting in Hungary," painted by special command. In the evening the Prince and Princess and their family, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, drove to the Crystal Palace, and attended a concert in the Handel orchestra. A display of fireworks concluded the festivities. On Sunday the Prince and Princess, Prince Albert Victor, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud were present at Divine service. The Prince, accompanied by the Princess and Princesses Victoria and Maud, went to Mile-End on Monday, where the Prince laid the first stone of the Queen's Hall of the People's Palace for the toilers of East London. The Royal party were most enthusiastically greeted by the people both in going and returning. In the evening the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Princess Louise, were present at a ball given by the Marquis of Londonderry, at Londonderry House. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess received, at Marlborough

House, Prince Otto of Schaumbourg-Lippe, son of the reigning Prince of Schaumbourg-Lippe. Their Royal Highnesses likewise received Princes Abbas Bey and Mohammed Ali Bey, who were accompanied by the Turkish Ambassador. The Prince and Prince Albert Victor, with the Commissioners of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, and a large company of foreign and Colonial guests, were entertained in the evening at the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor. On Wednesday the Prince and Princess opened the new wing of the Victoria Hospital for Children, Queen's-road, Chelsea.

THE PETROLEUM OIL WELLS AT BAKU.

A few additional Sketches by Mr. William Simpson, our Special Artist, who visited the Russian town and port of Baku, on the Caspian Sea, when he accompanied the Afghan Boundary Commission in Central Asia, remain to complete the illustrations of this subject. One is a view of the suburb called the Tcherny Gorod, or Black Town, from the smoke of the oil-refining distilleries, to the north of Baku. The other Sketches will be presented in our next. Mr. Simpson's descriptive account of the works of Messrs. Nobel Brothers, at Baku, has already appeared in our Journal.

Speech-day at Blundell's School (Tiverton) was celebrated last Saturday, June 26. The prizes were distributed by the Earl of Devon, chairman of the governors. Scenes from Molière and Sheridan were acted. The honour list for the year included, besides University distinctions, a direct commission R.E., an admission (twelfth) to the Indian Civil Service, and cadetships at Woolwich and Sandhurst. General Chesney, who was recently appointed to the Council of India, is an old Blundellian.

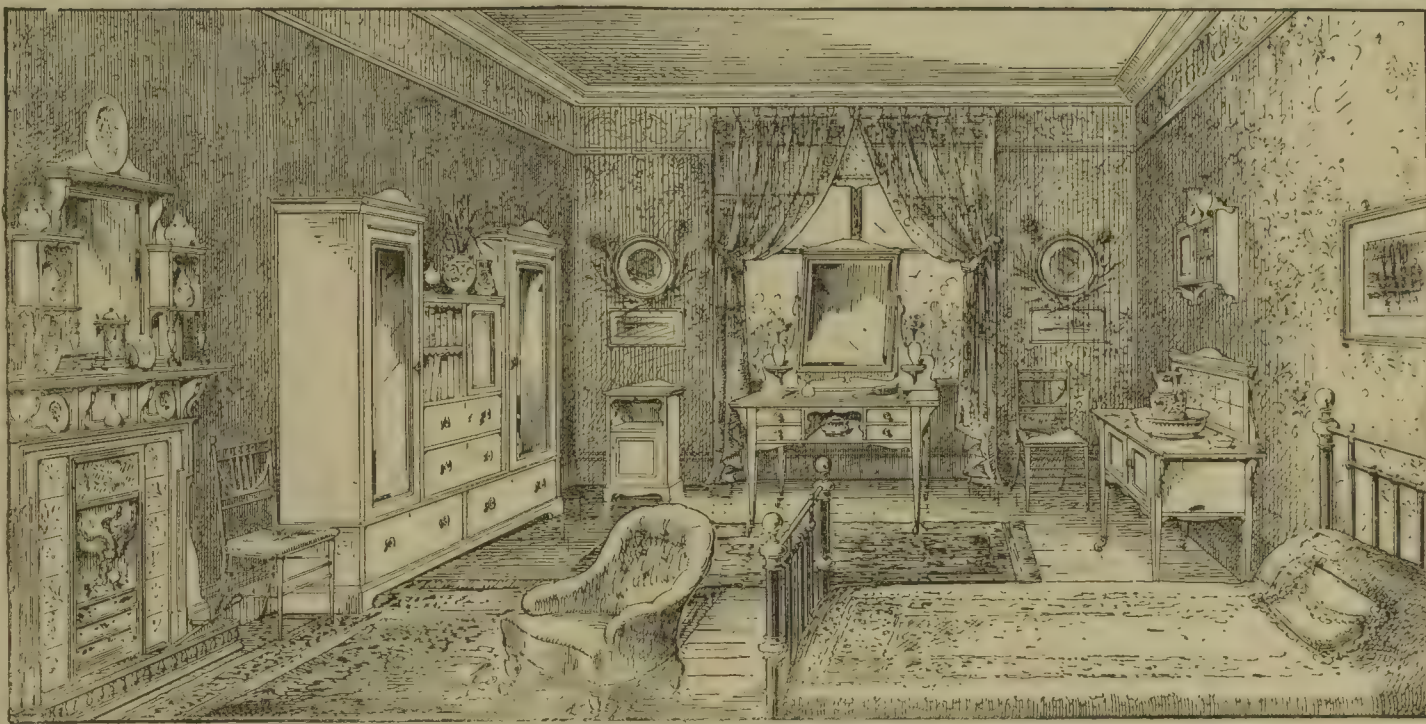
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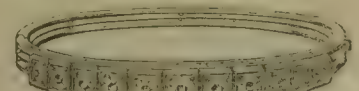
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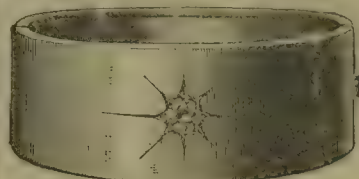
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THE LATE SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN.

The death of this able, useful, and eminent member of the Civil Service, whose labours also for general objects, those of administrative reform, and of political and social improvement, well deserve to be remembered, took place a fortnight ago. He was, in the earlier part of his official Indian career, associated with Macaulay, his brother-in-law, in promoting schemes of education for all classes of the natives; and was also much engaged in devising and executing fiscal measures for the benefit of Indian trade and industry. Coming home to England about 1840, he then became Permanent Assistant-Secretary to the Treasury, and held that office till January, 1859. He superintended, during the Irish famine of 1847, the efforts undertaken by the British Government for the relief of Irish distress, and he published an account of his efforts. He was a great advocate of Civil Service reform, and it was largely through his exertions that the Civil Service in this country was thrown open to public competition. Thus the name of Sir Charles Trevelyan is associated with two of the greatest changes which have been effected in his time in India and in England. He returned to India in 1859 as Governor of Madras, but was recalled next

year in consequence of his having published a protest against the financial measures of Mr. James Wilson, the Finance Minister. In 1862 Sir Charles Trevelyan went again to India, this time as Finance Minister himself, in succession to Mr. Samuel Laing. In 1865 he resigned this office on account of ill-health; but his tenure of it was marked by important administrative reforms and measures for the development of the resources of India by public works. On his return home he threw himself into the discussion of the question of Army purchase, on which he had given evidence before the Royal Commission of 1857. He published two pamphlets on the subject, and the Parliamentary championship of this question continued in the hands of his son, Mr. G. O. Trevelyan, until it was taken up and settled by the first Administration of Mr. Gladstone. Of late years Sir Charles Trevelyan's name has been associated with many social questions. He was created a Baronet in March, 1874. Sir Charles married, first, Hannah More Macaulay, sister of the late Lord Macaulay, and had a son, the present Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart., and two daughters, the eldest married to Sir Henry Thurston Holland, Bart., and the younger to Mr. W. S. Dugdale, of Merevale Hall, Warwickshire. Sir Charles married, secondly, Eleanor, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Walter Campbell.

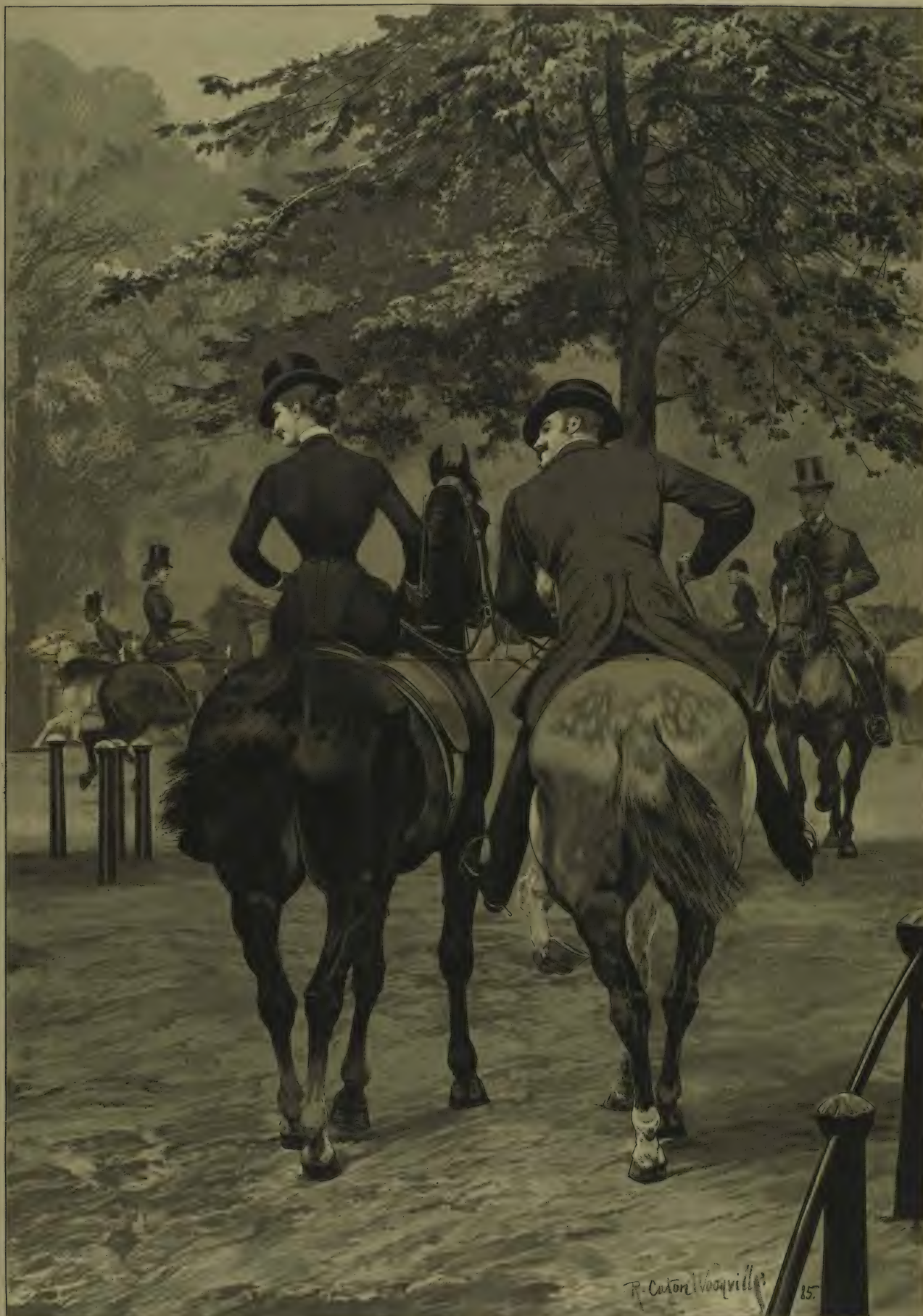
THE LATE LIEUTENANT MACCARTIE.

Among the officers whose lives have unhappily been lost in the desultory warfare with hostile bands of different races, insurgents or marauders, since the British occupation of Burmah, is Lieutenant Joseph Fitzgerald MacCartie, of the 1st Durham Light Infantry, who was attached to the 26th Bengal Native Infantry with the Burmese expedition. In a skirmish with the Kachins on May 8, at Mansi, fifteen miles from Bhamo, he received wounds, of which he died on the 12th, much regretted by all in the regiment, as he was a great favourite with his comrades and a promising soldier. Lieutenant MacCartie, who would have been twenty-five years of age on the 18th of that month, was educated at Durham School, at Hertford College, Oxford, and at the Royal Military Staff College, Sandhurst. The *Dunelmian*, or Durham School Magazine, speaks of him as "a good scholar and good athlete, a cheery and genial companion, a most affectionate and faithful friend." He was a son of the Rev. J. MacCartie, Vicar of Wilton, Redcar, Yorkshire.

The Portrait of the late Sir Charles Trevelyan is from a photograph by Mr. Fradelle, of Regent-street.

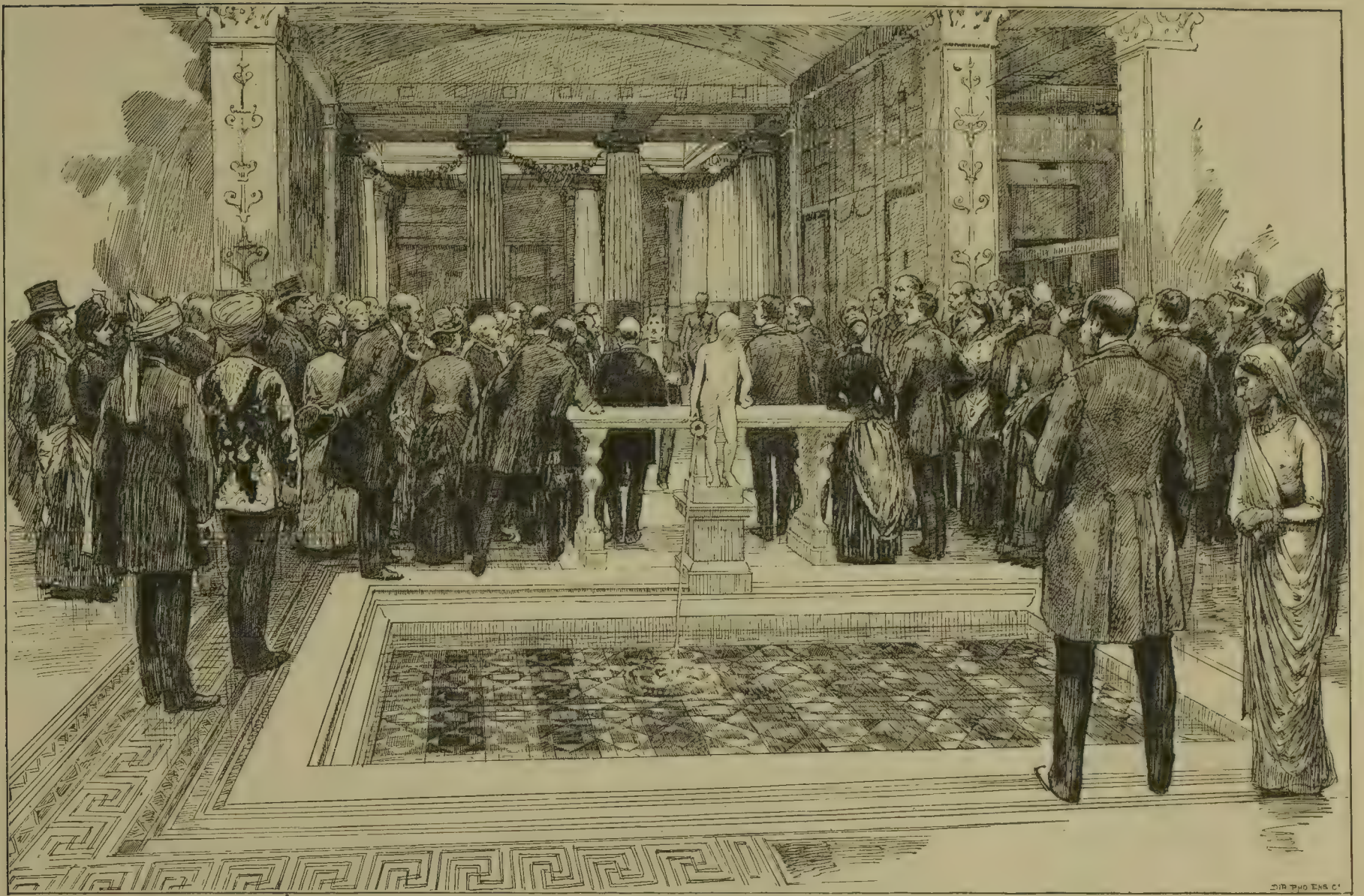


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RECEPTION OF COLONIAL AND INDIAN VISITORS IN THE POMPEIAN COURT AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT THE EAST END: PRESENTING A BOUQUET TO THE PRINCESS.

THE EAST LONDON PEOPLE'S PALACE.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their three daughters, went on Monday afternoon to Mile End-road, beyond White-chapel, to lay the first stone of the building for popular recreation to be erected by the Beaumont Trustees, with the aid of large gifts from the Drapers' Company and from several individuals, and of a public subscription fund. A view of the intended building, with some account of its design and uses, appeared in our last Number. Mr. Barber Beaumont, whose bequest, in 1841, of the sum of £12,500 for the "intellectual improvement and rational recreation" of the people at the East-End of London, has been applied, with its subsequent increase, to this good object, should not be forgotten. The funds, altogether, now in the hands of the trustees, including the Drapers' Company donation of £20,000, amount to £75,000, but more will be required; the Duke of Westminster, the Earl of Rosebery, Mr. Dyer Edwards, and Mr. Wilberforce Bryant, are among the special benefactors.

Preparations were made to receive the Royal visitors to the East-End with festive tokens of welcome. A triumphal arch was erected near the London Hospital, and two others further on; Venetian masts along the sides of the broad thoroughfare supported cords decked with innumerable small flags. Vast numbers of people, standing on the footpaths, or on vehicles at the side of the roadway, were ready to cheer the Prince and Princess. Their Royal Highnesses came, in an open carriage, with an escort of Life Guards, at five o'clock. They were saluted by a guard of honour formed of the 2nd Tower Hamlets Engineer Volunteers and 24th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers. On alighting, they were received by Sir Edmund Hay Currie, chairman of the Beaumont Trustees, the Master and Wardens of the Drapers' Company, and members of the East London committees, and were conducted to a platform covered with crimson cloth, and sheltered by an awning. Here was a large company assembled, with the Lord Mayor and officers of the City Corporation, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Duke and Duchess of Westminster. A bouquet was presented to the Princess of Wales before she took her seat. Two or three thousand school-children, holding little flags, rose from the benches over the entrance, and sang "God bless the Prince of Wales." The band of the Scots Guards assisted in the music.

A special prayer was offered by the Archbishop, followed by the Lord's Prayer, and the singing of a hymn, "All people that on earth do dwell." Sir E. H. Currie then read and presented an address, informing the Prince of the history, objects, and prospects of the People's Palace. His Royal Highness made a suitable reply, commending its design, and congratulating those who had successfully undertaken it. The treasurer, Mr. Spencer Charrington, handed some coins and documents to the Prince and Princess, who placed them beneath the stone suspended over its destined site. With the assistance of Mr. E. R. Robson, the architect, the ceremony of laying the stone and the usual operations were performed in the regular style. The Archbishop pronounced a benediction, and their Royal Highnesses departed amidst hearty cheers from the whole company, and from the people outside as they drove home. The stone thus laid was the first stone of the "Queen's Hall," the domed rotunda in front of the building, as shown in our Illustration last week.

Sir James Paget was on Tuesday elected a Foreign Associate of the French Academy of Medicine.

Monday was "Speech Day" at Rugby, and the fine weather, joined with the fact that the new speech-room was to be inaugurated, brought together a large number of old Rugbeians and friends of the school to celebrate the occasion. The prize poems and essays were recited by their respective winners, the Queen's gold medal for an English essay being won by Mr. Sadler, and the Latin essay prize by Mr. Furness. The prize for Latin lyrics fell to Mr. Bradby, that for Latin prose to Mr. Weeden; those for Latin hexameters and Greek prose to Mr. Furness, and that for Latin prose translation to Mr. Poulson. The Head Master, Dr. Jex-Blake, read out the list of honours gained at the two Universities during the last twelvemonth. This list includes two first classes in the Classical Tripos at Cambridge, three first classes in Classical Moderations and in the Final Mathematical Schools at Oxford, a fellowship at St. John's and scholarships at Corpus and Wadham Colleges, Oxford; an open exhibition at Corpus; a classical scholarship at Christ's College, Cambridge; a scholarship at Trinity Hall, Cambridge; the Ellerton theological prize at Oxford, and the English Shakespearean prize and the Hulsean prize at Cambridge.

THE CHURCH.

In the churches and chapels of London on Sunday collections were made on behalf of the Metropolitan Hospital Fund.

Last Sunday being the first Sunday in Trinity, her Majesty's Judges attended Divine service in the afternoon at St. Paul's Cathedral in state.

The Rev. Dr. Liddon has returned to London from Constantinople, and entered upon the duties of Canon in Residence of St. Paul's during the month.

Princess Louise, accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne, opened an industrial art exhibition in the St. Thomas's Schools, Columbia Market, Bethnal-green, on Tuesday, the object of the bazaar being to increase the fund for the repair of St. Thomas's Church, situated in one of the poorest districts of the metropolis.

On Thursday week the Bishop of Ely reopened the church of Acton, Suffolk, said to contain the oldest perfect brass in England—that of Sir Richard De Bures. The evening preacher was the Rev. B. Ottley, who congratulated his father's old parishioners on the work accomplished by the Rev. A. Leakey.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Benson gave their first garden party this season last Saturday, at Lambeth Palace. The band of the Boys' Home, Regent's Park, enlivened the scene by their performances. There was a large attendance.—The Archbishop of Canterbury presided on Monday afternoon at the annual meeting of the Additional Curates' Society, held at the National Society's offices. The income, it appeared from the report, has been £49,851, an increase on that of last year. The society makes 758 grants to 618 parishes, the population of which amounts to 6,000,000, and enables Incumbents to deal more successfully with the ignorant and the atheistic population in our midst.—On Thursday, the Archbishop opened the Diocesan Conference at Lambeth Palace. Among the subjects discussed on the first day of the conference was that of Church Reform.

The Royal Botanic Society gave one of their charming evening fêtes on Wednesday, at their gardens, Regent's Park, the ladies vying with the flowers—in many cases out-vying them—in beauty, while music from three or four military bands gave its magic aid.

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 Grand Hôtel Locarno. Magnificent hotel; 200 rooms. In-
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 water cure; celebrated for scrofula, gout, rheumatism, chronic
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 Chemist, 17, Rue St. Pierre. English and American
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 Hôtel Belle Vue. First-class. Beautiful position,
 bordering the lake. Pension, first-class the whole year round.
 Express train from Paris. Comfort and good cuisine.
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 hotel, facing the Tuileries, near Place Vendôme, and
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 situated at the foot of Mont Blanc, and in direct com-
 munication with Thonon and Interlaken. Railway station at
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 Grand Canal, close to the Square of St. Marc. Renowned
 restaurant and brasserie adjoining the hotel. Substantial and
 generous fare. BAUER GRUNWALD, Proprietor.

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 situated, and especially comfortable family hotel, the
 only one in Vevy with ascenseur and vast park. Yachting,
 boating, swimming, lawn-tennis. Close to pier and trains.
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 at moderate rates at this and all Mr. Seiler's hotels in
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 class Hotel, mostly frequented by English and
 Americans. On the new bridge, and near the landing of the
 boats. For a long stay, eight francs per day.
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THE WHOLE OF THEIR VALUABLE
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 The arms of man and wife blended. Crest, engraving on seals,
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 Fifty best quality, 2s. 6d., post-free, including 110
 Engraving of Copper-plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each, 50 En-
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MILLIONS

are earning next to nothing owing to financial depression,
 whereas in the Capital of the American North-West,

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA,

money is earning not less than 7 per cent. Buyers of Real
 (landed) Estate for

INVESTMENT

realise an annual profit of from 20 to 50 per cent, according
 to the measure of their judgment.

Speculators have made during the past four years, and are
 making, 100 to 200 per cent yearly.

THIS IS NO WILD-CAT

speculative craze, as in Winnipeg in 1881-82, but the results
 of the most

MARVELLOUS GROWTH of the CITY of ST. PAUL in

last years.

The population was in

1880 42,000. 1882 55,500.

1881 47,832. 1883 73,450.

THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "DOROTHY FORSTER," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," "CHILDREN OF GIBBEON," &c.



DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

The elder boy and the girl sat side-by-side in the window-seat, while the other boy sat at the table, having a pencil in his hand, and a piece of paper before him, on which he was drawing. On a great chair, stuffed with pillows, lay an old man sleeping. This was Mr. Brinjes, the famous apothecary of Deptford.

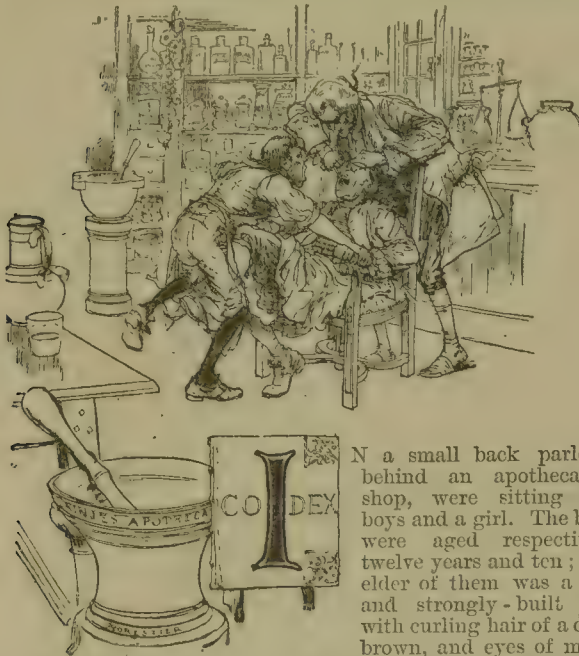
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CHAPTER I.

HOW JACK HEARD TALK OF LANDS BEYOND THE SEA.



In a small back parlour, behind an apothecary's shop, were sitting two boys and a girl. The boys were aged respectively twelve years and ten; the elder of them was a tall and strongly-built lad, with curling hair of a dark brown, and eyes of much

the same colour; the younger, fair-haired, and of slighter proportions. The girl was nine; but she looked more, being tall for her age. Her hair was so dark that it looked almost black. It hung loose, in long curls or ripples, not being coarse and thick, as happens, generally, with hair that is quite black, but fine in texture and lustrous to look upon. Her eyes, too, were black and large. The elder boy and the girl sat side-by-side in the window-seat, while the other boy sat at the table, having a pencil in his hand and a piece of paper before him, on which he was drawing, idly, whatever came into his head. All three were silent, save that the elder boy from time to time whispered the girl, or pinched her ear, or pulled her hair, when she would shake her head and smile, and point to the great chair beside the fire, as much as to say, "If it were not for that chair, Jack, and the person in it, I would box thy ears."

It was not a cold day. The sun shone through the lattice window, and fell upon the heads of the two who sat together, and notes innumerable danced merrily in the light; yet there was a coal fire burning in the grate. On one hob simmered a saucepan, with some broth in it or compound of simples (while the children sat waiting, the apothecary's assistant stepped in noiselessly, lifted the lid, took out a spoonful, sighed, tasted it, shook his head for the nastiness of it, and went back into the shop). On the other hob stood a kettle, singing comfortably—kept there always, day and night, but not for making tea, I promise you. As for the room itself, it was exactly like a ship's cabin, being narrow and low, and fitted with shelves and drawers. On one side was a pallet, something like a bunk in an officer's cabin, with a flock mattress upon it, and a pair of blankets rolled up snug. Here the Apothecary slept when the weather was cold—that is to say, nearly all the year round. Herbs and drugs tied in bundles hung from the rafters, as onions hang in a farm-house; the window was a lattice, with small diamond panes set in lead; above the mantle-shelf hung a silver watch; on the shelf itself stood a pair of brass candlesticks, the model of a ship full rigged—her name written in red ink on a wooden stand, "The King Solomon, of Bristol"—a pair of ship's pistols, a tobacco jar, and two or three long pipes. The apothecary's great wig, which he wore every evening at the club, hung from a peg on the wall behind the elbow chair; and in the corner of the room opposite the chair there was a very fearful and terrible thing, until you grew accustomed to it, when you ceased to fear it. This was nothing less than a stick painted red and black, with bright-coloured feathers tied round it, and surmounted by a grinning human skull. It was a magic stick, called, we were told, the Ekpenyong, or skull stick, by the Mandingo sorcerers—a thing only to be handled by an Obeah man, the possession of which is supposed by negroes either to confer or to proclaim wonderful powers, and cut from a juju or holy tree. Beside it lay two musical instruments, also from Africa—one a hollow block of wood covered with a sheepskin, and the other a kind of rude guitar. This stick it was which caused the apothecary to be greatly respected by the Admiral's negroes, as you will presently hear. He who has such a stick can catch the shadow, as they say—that is, the soul of a man; and set Obi upon him—that is to say, bring suffering, sorrow, and shame upon him. So that the possessor of a skull-stick is a person greatly to be feared and envied.

There was an open cupboard beside the fire, in which were household stores, such as bacon, cheese, butter, bread, strings of onions, a two-gallon jar or firkin of rum, plates and knives, for the room was a kitchen as well as an eating-room and a sleeping-room. Once a week or so, if business was slack and there was nothing else to do, the assistant might, if he thought of it, come with a broom, and sweep the dust out into the street. But I do not remember that the room was ever washed. And what with the tobacco, the stores in the cupboard, the rum, the drugs hanging from the rafters, and the contents of the shelves, the place had, to a sailor, exactly the smell of the cockpit or orlop deck after a long voyage; for in that part of the ship are kept the purser's stores, the boat's stores, the spirit-room, the surgeon's store-room, the midshipmen's berths and their mess. For this reason, perhaps, its owner, who had been a sailor, would never open the window; and always, on returning home, sniffed the air of the room with a peculiar satisfaction.

The great chair—which might have served for the chair of a hall-porter, having a broad, low seat and a high back with arms—was stuffed or padded with three or four pillows, and in the midst of the pillows lay an old man sleeping. This was Mr. Brinjes, the famous Apothecary of Deptford. He was small of stature and thin; his face (over one eye was a black patch) was creased and lined like a russet apple, which shrinks before it rots; his chin was hollow; his head, covered with a padded silk night-cap, was sunk deep in the pillows like a child's; he lay upon his side; his feet, stretched out, were propped on a footstool; one hand was under his cheek, and the other hung over the arm of the chair (you might have noticed that the skin of his hand was wrinkled and loose, as if the bones belonged to an occupant smaller than was at first intended).

As he lay asleep there, he looked like one in extreme old age, such as may be seen in country villages, where they take a pride in showing the visitor, in proof of the healthiness of the country air, some old gaffer of a hundred years and more sitting before a fire.

Through the open door could be seen the shop. It was small, like the parlour behind it. The rafters were hung with dried herbs; the shelves were full of bottles. There was a chair for the reception of those patients who could not stand; there was a counter, with scales great and small; a pestle and mortar; a box containing surgical instruments—the pincers for pulling out teeth, the cup, the basin, the blister, and the other horrid tools of the surgeon's craft. The Apothecary's assistant stood at the counter, rolling pills and mixing medicines—a tall, pasty-faced youth with a pair of swivel eyes, which moved with independent action; a young man who walked about without noise, and worked all day without stopping, yet looked discontented, perhaps because he was compelled to taste the medicines, and his stomach kicked thereat. The shop door was always open, for the window gave little light, partly because it was never cleaned, partly because there was a shelf with bottles before it, and partly because the glass was full of bull's-eyes, which give strength, no doubt, yet keep the room obscure. At the end of the counter was the stool on which Mr. Brinjes sat every morning, in his gown and night-cap, from eight o'clock until half-past twelve, receiving patients. Before him, on the counter, was a great book containing, I now suppose, a Repertory or Collection of Instructions concerning Symptoms of Diseases and Methods of Treatment; but the common sort always supposed that it was a book of Spells, and the means by which Mr. Brinjes was enabled to communicate with a Certain Potentate, who helped him and did his bidding, at what price and for what reward these people freely whispered to each other. On Sunday morning (this must have been a bitter Bolus to the Evil One) Mr. Brinjes and his assistant let blood gratis to whoever wished for that wholesome refreshment; and every morning he pulled out teeth at a shilling or half-a-crown (according to the means of the customer), his assistant holding the patient in his chair, and receiving those kicks and cuffs which in the extremity of his agony the sufferer too often deals out.

In such a town as Deptford it is natural that the common people should resort to the herb-woman for the cure of their ailments. It was not until she had failed that they came to Mr. Brinjes, and then with doubt whether he would choose to treat them. As for his power to cure, if he pleased, there was no doubt about that. It was whispered that he knew of charms by which he could constrain a person, even in the misery of toothache, to fall sound asleep, and continue asleep while Mr. Brinjes would take out a tooth without causing him to awaken, or to feel any pain whatever; but these things we may not believe, however well authenticated, unless we would seriously accuse him of magic. As for fevers, rheumatisms, difficulty of breathing, coughs, scurvy, and the other afflictions by which we are reminded that this is but a transitory world, it was believed, even by the better sort of Deptford, that there was no physician in London itself more skilful than Mr. Brinjes, and that by certain preparations, the secret of which he alone knew, and had learned in his voyages in foreign parts, especially on the West Coast of Africa, where the negroes possess many strange secrets of nature, he had acquired a singular mastery over every kind of disease. He has been known, as I myself who write this history can testify (it was in the case of Admiral Sayer's great toe), to relieve a man in one hour of the gout, though he had been roaring for a fortnight with his foot tied up in flannel. It was also whispered of Mr. Brinjes that by magic or witchcraft he could bring diseases upon those who offended him, and that he could avert all the misfortunes to which mankind are liable in shipwreck, drowning, wounds, and death. But it is idle to repeat the things which were said of him. Certain it is that he possessed wonderful secrets for the cure of disease, however he came by them. Warts he removed merely by looking at them, and by a prophecy that they would be gone in so many days; a sprained ankle he would set at ease by simply rubbing the part with his open hand; sciatica, lumbago, pleurisy, and other such disorders he healed in the same way, foretelling on each occasion how long it would be before the malady would cease. Those who were so treated declared that the Apothecary's hand became like a red-hot iron in the rubbing. Rheumatism, it was certain, he cured by making the patient carry a potato in his pocket; though what he did, if he did anything, to the potato first, in order to endow it with this virtue, is not known. As for earache, faceache, toothache, tic, and such disorders, it was believed that he could order their removal at will. Further, it was said of him, that he could, also at will, command these diseases to seize upon a man and torture him. How he did this, no one can explain; but the testimony of many, still living, proves that he did it. I pass over the report that, in calling these pains to seize upon a man, his one eye glowed like a red-hot coal, and sent forth flashes of fire. Such rumours show only how much he was feared and respected by the people. They came to him also for amulets and charms, which he did not always refuse to give, for protecting those who carried them from drowning, hanging, burning, the shot of cannon, and the stroke of steel. It is true that his amulets were simple things: we cannot understand how the tooth of a snake, even with the poison in it, can avail against drowning if one who cannot swim should tumble into deep water; nor how the head of a frog, wrapped in silk, can, without any other magic, protect a man against the gallows. But there are many other things, which everybody believes, quite as difficult to explain: as, for instance, why the gall of the barbel causeth blindness; why cock ale cureth consumption; why an onion hung round the neck of a beast, and the next day boiled and buried, cureth distemper in cattle; or why the finger cut from the hand of a hanged man taketh away a wen. Yet these are in the nature of amulets, as much as any of those prepared by Mr. Brinjes. At this time, he had been in the town some fifteen years, having appeared one day about the year 1735. Nobody knew who he was or whence he came; his parentage, his Christian name, his birthplace were all unknown. He never spoke of any relations; and at his first coming he seemed to be as old as now, so that some, when they saw the sign of the Silver Mortar put up, and the gallipots ranged in the shop, laughed to think of so old and decrepit a man beginning trade as an Apothecary.

Whatever his age, he was not decrepit; but strong and hale, though shrunken in figure, with a wrinkled skin and a face covered with lines and crow's-feet. He suffered from no ailments, was always brisk and active, and had, in his talk and understanding, no apparent touch of age. Further, it soon became known that here was a man who could effect marvellous cures, so that the people began to flock to him, not only from Deptford and the riverside, where he first courted custom, but also from Greenwich, on the one hand, and Redriffe, Bermondsey, and Southwark, on the other.

He received these people every day—from eight in the morning until half-past twelve—dressed in an old brown coat, gone into holes at the elbows, or even without any coat at all; on his head, an old scratch wig; and on his feet, slippers tied with tape. But slovenly as was his dress, and unworthy the dignity of a physician, he was sharp and quick with the

patients, telling them plainly, while he gave them medicine, whether they would recover or when they would die, and whether he could help them or no. At the stroke of half-past twelve, he got off his stool and retired to his parlour, where, with his own hand, he every day fried or griddled a great piece of beefsteak, with a mess of onions, carrots, and other vegetables, and presently devoured it, with a tankard of black beer, choosing to do everything with his own hand, even to the filling of his kettle and the washing of his dishes, rather than have a woman-servant in the place. This done, he made up the fire, put away his plates, settled himself among his pillows, and fell fast asleep. Thus he continued for two or three hours, no one daring to disturb him or to make the least noise. When, on this day, he began to move, stretching out first one leg, and then the other, turning over on his back, and fidgeting with his hands, the elder boy nodded to the younger, who reached a bundle of papers from the topmost shelf, and laid them on the table as if in readiness. This done, they waited.

The old man yawned, sighed, and opened his remaining eye—'twas a pale blue eye of amazing keenness and brightness. Then he sat up suddenly with a start, and looked about him with a quick suspicious glance, as if he had been sleeping in some place where there were wild animals to fear, or savage men. You could then perceive that his features were sharp, and apparently not much altered by his years; his chin being long and pointed, his lips firm, and his nose straight, as if he was a masterful man, who would have his way. As for his remaining eye (no one ever learned where the sight of the other had been lost), though it was so bright, it had a quick and watchful expression, such as may be perceived in the eyes of those creatures who both hunt and are hunted. You will not see this look in the eyes of Dido the Lioness of the Tower, because the lion hunts but is never hunted. Being reassured as to tigers or fierce Indians, Mr. Brinjes rose from the chair, and as if not yet wholly awake, yet already conscious, he took a glass and half filled it with rum, then, with the utmost care and nicety (your drinkers of rum-punch care very little how much rum is in the glass, but are greatly afraid of putting in too much of the other components), added sugar, lemon, and water. This done, he stirred the contents, rolled it about in the glass, and drank half of it.

"I have again returned," he said, "to the world of life. To all of us who are old, when we close our eyes in sleep we know not whether we shall not keep them closed in death, which sometimes thus surprises those who have lived long. But I have returned—aha!—and with reasonable prospect of another evening of tobacco and punch." Here he sipped his liquor. "I take this glass of punch, boys," he explained, "for the good of the stomach, and the prevention of ill humours and vapours. Otherwise, these might rise to the brain, which is a part of man's mechanism more delicate than any other, and as easily put off the balance as the mainspring of a watch." Here he drank again, but slowly, and by sips, as become one who loves his drink. "I am now old; when a man is old he is fortunate if he can breathe free, sleep sound, walk upright, eat his dinner, and still drink his punch. Some men there are, not so old as myself—no, not by ten years—who fetch their breath with difficulty, whereas I breathe freely; others are troubled and cannot sleep for racking pains, whereas I have none; and others cannot eat strong meats, and would die—poor devils!—of a bowl of punch. Better be dead than live like that; better lie buried with a mile of blue water over your head, and the whales flopping around your grave on the seaweed. There can be no more comfortable and quiet lying than the bottom of the sea." He shook his head solemnly. "When a man cannot any longer fight and make love, there is but one thing left to rejoice his heart." He finished the glass. "And when he cannot drink, let him die."

He sat down again in his great chair; but he sat upright, looking about him, now thoroughly awake and alert.

"In sleep," he said, "it is as if one were already dead; awake, it is as if one could not die. Ha! Death is impossible. The blood it runs as strong, the pulse it beats as steady, as when I was a boy of thirty. Why, I am young still! I am full of life! Give me fifty years more—only a poor, short fifty years—what is it when the time has gone?—and I will make, look you, such a medicine as shall keep a man alive for ever! It will be done some day, alas! when I am gone. It will be too late for me, and I must die. But not yet—not yet. Oh! we are born too soon—a hundred years and more too soon. When a man is old he is apt to feel the near presence of Death. Not, mind you, when he is asleep, or when he is awake, but when he is between the two. Then he sees the dart aimed at his heart, and the scythe ready to cut him down, and the bony fingers clutching at his throat. It is as if life were slipping from him; just as the pirate's plank slips under the weight of the prisoner who has to walk upon it."

"When a man's time comes," said Jack, with wisdom borrowed from his friends at Trinity Hospital; "when a man's time comes, down he goes."

"Ay. It's easy talking when you are young; and your time hasn't come by many a day; the words drop out glib, and seem to mean nothing. Wait, my lad; wait till you have had your day. To every man his day. First the fat time, then the lean time; or else it's first the lean time, then the fat time. For most, old age is the lean time. But the world is full of justice, and there is always a fat time in every man's life. When there's peace upon the seas, the merchantman sails free and happy, buying skins and ivory, spices and precious woods, for glass beads and cotton. So trade prospers. And then the King's sailors and marines and the privateers must needs turn smugglers; and so find their way to the gallows. Then cometh war again, and the honest fellows have another turn with fighting and taking of prizes and cutting out of convoys. Yes, boys; the world is full of justice, did we but rightly consider; and everyone doth get his chance. As for you, Bess, my girl, it shall be a brave lover, in the days when thou shalt be a lovely girl and a goddess. As for you, boys—well—and presently you will become old men like unto me." He sighed heavily. "And then"—he took the saucepan from the hob, stirred it about, and smelled the stuff that was simmering in it—"I doubt if this mixture—Children, we are all born a hundred years too soon—a hundred years, at least. Yet, if I had but fifty years before me, I think I could find the secret to stay old age and put off natural decay. The Coromantynes are said to have the secret, but they keep it to themselves; and I have questioned Philadelphia, who is a Mandingo, in vain. Well"—again he sighed, as he put back his saucepan—"I have slept, and I am alive again, with another evening before me, and more punch. Let us be thankful. Jack, unroll the charts, and let me look upon the world again."

The charts, which the younger boy had already laid upon the table, were stained and thumb-marked purchases, originally drawn by some Spanish hand, for the names were all in Spanish; but they had been much altered and corrected by a later hand—perhaps that of Mr. Brinjes himself. They showed the Atlantic and the Indian Oceans, together with a map of the Eastern Islands and the unknown Magellanica or Terra Australis. The last-named was traversed by several lines in blue ink, showing the routes of voyagers both early and recent, each with a name written above it; as Magellans,

1520; Francis D'Ovalle, 1582; Mendana, 1595; Drake, 1577; Candish, 1586; Oliver Noort, 1599; Le Maire, 1615; Tasman, 1642; John Cook, 1683; Woodes Rodgers, 1708; Clipperton, 1719; Shelvoeke, at the same time. There was another route laid down across the ocean, much more devious than any of the others, and without name, and marked in red ink.

When these maps were spread out upon the table, Mr. Brinjes rose and stood gazing upon them, as if, by the mere contemplation of the coast lines, he was enabled actually to see the places which he had visited or heard of. There was no place in the whole world that is visited by ships (because I do not pretend that Mr. Brinjes knew the interior of the great continents) whereof he could not speak as from personal knowledge, describing its appearance, the character of the people, the soundings, and the nature of the port or roadstead.

But mostly Mr. Brinjes loved to talk of pirates, rovers, or adventurers, whether of Queen Elizabeth's reign, when they had a golden time indeed, or of our own time, which has seen many of these gentry; though now, instead of receiving knighthood, as was formerly the custom, they are generally taken ashore and hoisted on a gibbet. Thus, Mr. Brinjes would lay his forefinger on the island of Madagascar, and tell us of Captain Avery and his settlement on the north of this great island, where everyone of his men became like a little Sultan or King, each with a troop of slaves, and being no better than Pagans, every man with a seraglio of black wives. For aught anybody knows to the contrary, they or their sons are living on the island in splendour to this day, though their famous captain hath long since been dead. Or he would point out the island of Providence, in the Bahamas, where there was formerly a rendezvous, which continued for many years, of those who combined together to prey upon the Spanish commerce. "And think not, boys," said Mr. Brinjes, solemnly, "that to sail in search of the great Plate ships can be called piracy, for pirates are the common enemies of all flags, and must be hanged when they are taken prisoners; whereas, he who takes or sinks a Spanish vessel performs a meritorious action, and one that he will remember with gratitude upon his death-bed, since they are a nation more bloodthirsty, cruel, and avaricious than any other, and Papists to boot. It is true that there were some of those who sailed from Providence, that took other ships, of whom Major Bonnet was one. Boys, I knew the Major well. He was a gentleman of good family from Barbadoes, and I cannot but think that he was unlawfully hanged, the evidence being suborned. A man of kindly and pleasing manners, who loved the bowl and a song, and was greatly loved by all his crew and those who knew him. But he is gone now, and those like unto him as well, so that the Spaniard sails the Atlantic in peace, though we have robbed him of some of his dominions. Alas! what things the Spanish Main hath witnessed! what deeds of daring, and what sufferings!"

Then he pushed this chart aside, and considered that which showed the West Coast of Africa, a part of the world which he regarded with a particular admiration, though I have always understood that it is full of fevers and diseases of a deadly kind. He knew, indeed, all the harbours, creeks, river mouths, and other places from Old Calabar to the Gambia, where such notorious desperadoes as Captain Thatch, otherwise called Blackbeard, or as Captain Bartholomew Roberts, made their rendezvous, where they refitted, and whence they sailed to plunder the merchantmen of all countries. These men Mr. Brinjes knew well, and spoke of them as if they had been friends of his own, and especially the latter. I know not in what manner he acquired this knowledge of a man who was certainly a most profligate villain. He it was whose squadron of three ships was destroyed by Captain Sir Chaloner Ogle, of the Swallow, in the year 1722, the pirate himself being killed in the first broadside, and fifty-two of his men afterwards hung in chains along the coast near Cape Coast Castle.

"Boys," said Mr. Brinjes, "those who know not the West Coast of Africa know not what it is to live. What? Here, there are magistrates and laws; there, every man does what he pleases. Here, the rich take all; there, all is divided. Here, men go to law; there, men fight it out. What do they know here of the fierce passions which burn in men's hearts under the African sun? There is summer all the year round; there are fruits which you can never taste; there are—but you would not understand. How long ago since I have seen those green shores and wooded hills, and watched the black girls lying in the sun, and took my punch with the merry blades, who now are dead and gone? Strange, that the world should be so full of fine places, and we should be content to live in this land of fog and cold!"

Then he pushed this chart away also, and took another, that of the great Pacific Ocean, marked, as I have said, with half a dozen routes, and especially by a broad red line, without a name or date. When Mr. Brinjes laid his finger on this route, he became serious and thoughtful.

"It is forty years," he began, "forty years since I sailed upon these seas. Of all the crew, doth any survive, save me alone? Forty years! The men were not so fierce as those on the West Coast—the air is milder—they would rest and sleep in the shade rather than fight. Forty years ago!"

The boys were silent, till he should choose to tell us more.

"On board that ship I was rated as surgeon, and at first had plenty to do, sewing up wounds and healing broken heads; for, though there was a rule against fighting, it was a reckless company of rum-drinking, quarrelsome, fighting devils as ever trod the deck. We had music on board: two horns, till one fell overboard; two violins, and a Welsh harp. In the evening, when there was no fighting, there was music and dancing. 'Twas a happy bark. It was a merchantman, and we shipped our crew and fitted out at Kingston first and Providence next."

"Where the pirates used to assemble?" said Jack.

"True. The crew were mostly rovers. What then? If you venture into the Pacific you must needs carry a fighting crew. We had plenty of arms and ammunition; and not a man on board but had been in a dozen actions by sea and land. But only a merchantman."

Jack shook his head, as if there were doubts in his mind; then he laughed. Mr. Brinjes laid his finger on the red line where it began at Providence Island.

"Forty years ago. It was a voyage among seas where there's never a chart; among reefs and rocks not laid down, and along shores no sailors knew. The end of the voyage was disastrous, but the beginning promised well, for the men were full of heart if ever men were, and the prize we were after was worth taking."

"Prize?" said Jack, "For a merchantman?"

"Merchantman she was, this side Cape Horn. I only meant this side. When you double the Cape that is another matter. A man in those seas sails as happy under the Jolly Roger as under the Union Jack. A merchantman she was, and built at Bristol, christened the King Solomon, 400 tons; and when we sailed she carried twenty-two long nine-pounders, and two three-pounders, with a crew of 170 men, besides a dozen or so of negro grummetts. Don't you forget, my lad, there's only two flags in those seas—the Spaniard and the Jolly Roger. Take your choice, therefore." He paused, to let that choice be taken. "We sailed through Magellan's Straits, taking six weeks over the job, what with contrary winds and storms. When we got out of that place—which, I take it, is the worst

navigation in the world—we steered nearly due north for Juan Fernandez, where the Spaniards go from the South American ports to fish. Here it is on the chart." His finger was following the red track. "A mighty pretty place it is. This is where Woodes Rogers set ashore one of his men and left him alone. After watering, we sailed away, still north, to the Galapagos, where the pirates rendezvous."

"They are pirates, then, after all?" Jack interrupted.

"The Spaniards call them such; whereas, if they do fly the black flag, it is only to strike more terror into the enemy and make them quicker to cry for quarter. Pirates, were we? Well; pirates or not, there was no man on board that craft but was an honest Englishman by birth. At Galapagos Islands we laid up to scrape and fallow the vessel, and to cure the scurvy, which had already broken out, with the limes and oranges and bananas which grow wild there, as well as the tobacco plant. The pigs run wild there, too; and if the wells only ran rum as well as water, one might as well be in Heaven at once; and there would be no need for the sailor to put to sea any more, nor any wisdom in leaving those islands." He sighed, thinking of pleasant days in the Galapagos. "But we were not cruising in these seas for pleasure, and we had our work to do. Wherefore, we made haste and got to sea again. What were we cruising for? Why, my lads, in hopes of coming across the great Spanish galleon, which goes twice every year from Manilla to Acapulco and back laden with treasure, so that every man on board, could we take that ship, would be made for life."

"When we left the Galapagos, every man's heart was light, and there was nothing on board but drinking, singing, and gambling, with a fair wind, and the ship taut and trim, and within a few days of the Spaniard's course. He sails these seas as if they were his own, with never a thought of trouble or meeting an enemy. We had fair weather for ten days, making, at a guess, a hundred and eighty knots a day on a nor'-west course; so that, after a week or so, we were in the latitude of Acapulco, and, according to my observations, two hundred miles west of that port—that is to say, almost in the track of the galleons which sail, as is well known, in an even course about lat. 13 N. And for why? If you set sail from Manilla—here," he pointed out that distant island on the chart, "through the Strait of Mindovo, and past Cape Espiritu Santo, you have got between the Ladrones and Acapulco, which is close upon two thousand knots, nothing but blue water. If any other nation beside the Spanish held these seas, they would have been everywhere navigated long ago. But these lubbers care for nothing but to keep out of danger; wherefore they sail where there are no islands. Sometimes, by reason of contrary winds and the compass, which veers about in these waters as if the Devil had it, these ships are blown north and south. I have conversed with Spanish sailors who had been thus driven north, and they reported open seas, though the charts and maps do still lay down a continent between Asia and America."

"It is a most terrible voyage, full of dangers, on account of the tempests which blow there, and because the crews have to live so long on salted provisions and bad water, whereby many grievous diseases are engendered, of which I learned something. There is, for instance, that disease which the Spaniards call the 'Lobillo,' which doth commonly fall upon men who have been living at sea for many weeks upon this diet. I do not know the remedies, if any there be, for this affliction, whereby the body swells up like a bladder which is blown out, and the patient falls to prattling and babbling, until he dies. There is also what they call the Dutch Disease, which attacks the gums, and is, I take it, nothing but scurvy, and can only be cured by being set ashore. Then there is an intolerable itching of the whole body, caused by the saltiness of the beef and of the air. For this there is no remedy but patience and limes, when these can be procured. There are insects also, which the Spaniards call 'Gorgojos,' which are said to be bred in the biscuit, and creep into the body, under the skin, whence they are difficult to dislodge, and do itch intolerably, day and night; so that some have been known to go mad with the discomfort of it, and have leaped overboard."

"When, therefore, we were in the latitude where we might expect any day to see a sail—every sail being a Spanish ship, and every Spanish ship a rich galleon—a reward was offered to him who would first spy a sail. But here we were unlucky, for a hurricane fell upon us, drove us off our course, and for four days we scudded, looking for nothing else but destruction, being too low in the waist and too high in the stern for such weather. However, by the Lord's help, the storm at length abated; but not before we were driven a long way north of our course, and in sight of the great island named California." He covered it with his thumb. "Nobody hath yet circumnavigated this island; but it is reported mountainous and sterile. Yet—Lord! what a place for rovers when they get the sense to make here a settlement for the annoyance of the Spaniard! Madagascar itself was not more plainly marked out by Providence for the use of rovers. I am old now, or else would I plant a colony myself, with a fleet of half a dozen frigates and a few fast sailing-sloops, and so destroy the Spanish trade of the Pacific. No European sail, I take it, hath gone further north."

Indeed, the coast line at this point was dotted to show that it was conjectural; it ran straight across the Pacific, in the line of latitude 35 N., to join the coast of China.

"The storm then abating, we repaired damages, and set sail again, designing to shape our course southward, with the view of getting once more into the enemy's course. That night, I remember, the light of Saint Elmo showed upon the foretop, at which we greatly rejoiced, as a certain sign and promise of fair weather, and every man saluted it mannerly, as they use in the Mediterranean. On the sixth day after the storm, we sighted an island not laid down on any chart; but we touched not at it. Three days later, the sea having been as smooth as the pool of the Thames, we made land again. This time it was the island of Donna Maria Laxara, so called after a Spanish lady, who here leaped overboard and drowned herself for love. But mark the ways of Providence! If it had not been for that tempest, which drove us off our course—what happened afterwards never would have happened."

"What did happen?"

"A strange thing. The strangest thing that ever you heard of. If you want to be rich, Jack, my lad, I will some day teach you how; and that in the easiest way you can imagine. If I live—alas!"

"What way? Tell me now."

But Mr. Brinjes would tell no more. He continued gazing at the chart, and following an imaginary course with his forefinger, as if he loved the recollection of that voyage, even though the end of it had been disastrous. Then he pushed it from him with a sigh.

"Forty years ago, it was, boys. Forty years ago."

It was in this way, among others, that Jack acquired the knowledge of geography and the thirst which continually grew greater for voyaging among the strange and unknown parts of the habitable world. In the end, as you shall hear, no one went farther afield or had more adventures.

(To be continued.)

ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.

Her Majesty the Queen, on Wednesday, opened this noble institution, at Mount Lee, Egham, near the Egham Station of the London and South-Western Railway. Its creation, as well as that of the Holloway Sanitarium, at Virginia Water, for persons afflicted with mental disease, is due to the munificence of the late Mr. Thomas Holloway, whose gifts for the public good amount to a sum considerably over one million sterling. In the deed of gift the founder credits his wife with the advice and counsel that led him to provide a college, which might ultimately become the nucleus of a university for women. After taking counsel with the late Professor and Mrs. Fawcett, Sir J. Kay-Shuttleworth, Mr. Samuel Morley, Mr. David Chadwick, and others, Mr. Holloway bought the site at Mount Lee, a picturesque wooded slope, with a southern aspect, commanding a splendid view of a charming country, and ninety-five acres in extent. The building was soon commenced. The plans of Mr. W. H. Crossland, F.R.I.B.A., were accepted; and Mr. John Thompson began the carrying out of his contract, for £250,000, in 1879. Large additional works were subsequently found necessary; and these, together with the furnishing throughout, have brought the total outlay to about £600,000, exclusive of securities left by the benefactor of the value of £300,000 for the completion and endowment of the college. The building is constructed in the French Renaissance style, and is of red brick, with Portland stone dressings, decorated with sculpture. It forms a double quadrangle, 550 ft. long and 376 ft. wide. It contains in all nearly a thousand rooms; and provision is made for 250 students and an ample staff. The recreation-hall is an art gallery, containing pictures which cost upwards of £90,000. The college has also a spacious library and museum, handsomely furnished in oak, a chapel, a commodious dining-hall; a well-appointed kitchen, to serve as a school of cookery; pianoforte practising and music rooms, a gymnasium, a racquet court, and a lecture theatre. The whole building will be illuminated with incandescent electric lamps. It is arranged so that all trade supplies will be deposited about a quarter of a mile from the main building, and will be transmitted thence by means of a steam tram through a tunnel specially constructed for the purpose.

The Royal Holloway College is to be mainly self-supporting. Two brothers-in-law of the late Mr. Thomas Holloway—namely, Mr. George Martin-Holloway, Mr. Driver-Holloway, and Mr. David Chadwick, the trustees, are also governors; and, in addition to these, the following have signified their willingness to act in the capacity of governors:—His Royal Highness Prince Frederick Christian, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Granville, Mr. Samuel Morley, Lord Charles Frederick Brudenell Bruce, Sir Henry Thring, Mr. Richard Copley Christie (Chancellor of the Diocese of Manchester), Mr. Alderman Savory, and Mr. Walpole Lloyd Greenwell. In the deed of foundation it is stated that the founder desired that power should ultimately be sought enabling the college to confer degrees on its students after proper examination. Until such power is obtained, it is intended that the students shall qualify themselves to take their degrees at the University of London, or at any other university where degrees may be obtained by them. The deed also states that "the curriculum of the college shall not be such as to discourage students who desire a liberal education apart from the Greek and Latin languages; and proficiency in classics shall not entitle students to rewards of merit over others equally proficient in other branches of knowledge." No student will be admitted to the college who has not passed the age of seventeen, and who has not passed a satisfactory examination, and the student's residence, except in special instances, will be restricted to four years. No test of religious opinions will be required, and the students will have the right, under proper regulations, to attend the services of any religious sect or denomination which their parents or guardians may desire. The desire of the founder was that the religious teaching of the college, though free from any sectarian influence, should be such as to impress forcibly on the minds of the students their individual responsibility, and their duty to God. The founder also expressly desired that the college should neither be considered nor conducted as a mere training college for teachers and governesses.

Miss Farrar, of Horton-street, Halifax, has bequeathed £32,000 to be applied in granting pensions to aged widows and spinsters.

The revisers of the majestic version of the Scriptures "appointed to be read in churches," had, no doubt, some of the highest qualifications for the task, but no competent critic will say that one of those qualifications was the capacity for writing correctly their mother tongue. *Ecclesiastical English*, by G. Washington Moon (Hatchards), exposes the Old Testament revisers' violations of the laws of the language with great force; and by far the larger number of the writer's statements are not even open to discussion. Inconsistencies of spelling and grammatical errors are frequent in the Revised Version, and the rhythmical language that has charmed the ears of Englishmen for three centuries is often destroyed unnecessarily. In this respect, however, the version of the New Testament has been injured more palpably than that of the Old. We do not think Mr. Moon is always right in objecting to certain words and expressions archaic in character or grammatically inaccurate according to modern notions, familiar to us in the Authorised Version, and retained in the Revision. Moreover, several of the inconsistencies he complains of are to be found in both versions alike; and the critic does not make it plain that certain words which he writes of as "inserted," and certain faults of syntax, are not due, in the first instance, to the revisers, but to the translators. "Sometimes," he says, "the revisers, in their uncertainty as to which is right, give both singular and plural verbs to the same nominative in the same verse. This plan has at least one advantage: it ensures that the revisers shall for once be right, though with the disadvantage that they shall also once be wrong." And to illustrate this statement Mr. Moon quotes a verse from Genesis, which the reader will find word for word in the original version. Yet, from the writer's way of putting it, he would suppose it to be a blunder committed for the first time by the revisers. The original fault in this case is obvious; but it must be admitted that Mr. Moon points out many instances in which the revisers seem to have gone out of their way in order to commit fresh faults. Indeed, he frequently compares the two versions not by any means to the advantage of the recent one. Mr. Moon's little jokes about the errors in the Revised Version are weak, and might be readily dispensed with. We think, also, that he is far too severe, and, indeed, sometimes absurd, in his comments, especially in chapter IX., on certain hyperbolic and redundant expressions, familiar in Eastern literature, which are retained in both versions; but his long catalogue of errors is likely to be read by the learned revisers with very uncomfortable feelings. Happily, the instances in which a distinct change for the better has been made are not sufficiently numerous or important to supersede the version with which we have been all familiar from infancy.

THE ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE FOR WOMEN, MOUNT LEE, EGHAM: OPENED BY THE QUEEN LAST WEDNESDAY.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. VERNON HEATH.



NORTH-EAST FRONT.



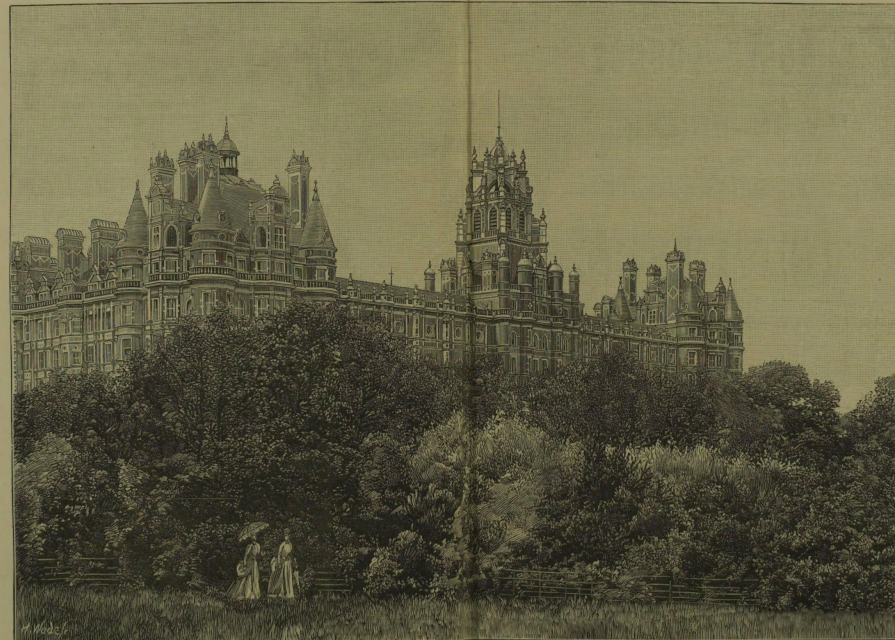
SOUTH-EAST QUADRANGLE.



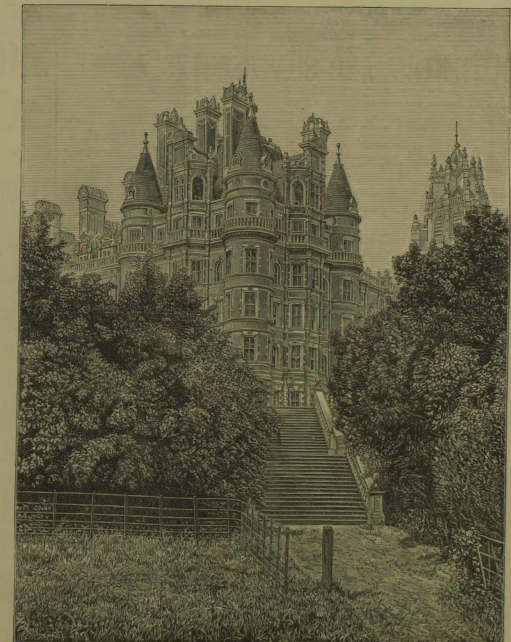
SOUTH-EAST FRONT.



TOWER OF SOUTH-EAST FRONT.



VIEW FROM THE GROUNDS: SOUTH-EAST AND PORTION OF SOUTH-WEST FRONTS.



SOUTH-WEST PAVILION.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 26, 1883) of the Right Hon. John Thomas, Earl of Redesdale, late of Batsford Park, Moreton-in-the-Marsh, Gloucestershire, who died on May 2 last, at Vernon House, No. 6, Park-place, St. James's, was proved on the 12th ult. by John Mitford and Horatio George Walpole, C.B., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £195,000. The testator leaves all his estates in the counties of Gloucester, Oxford, Worcester, Warwick, Wilts, and Middlesex to Percy Mitford, for life, with remainder to the heirs male of his body; and all his estate in the county of Northumberland to Algernon Bertram Mitford, for life, with remainder to his eldest son, Clement Mitford, for life, with remainder to the heirs male of his body. He charges his estates in Middlesex with an annuity of £400 in favour of Henry Mitford; and the pictures, plate, furniture, and effects used with his houses at Batsford and in London are to go as heirlooms with those properties. The person who succeeds to the Batsford estate is to take the name of Freeman, in like manner as the testator and his father have borne it. He bequeaths £10,000 to Percy Mitford; £5000 to each of his executors; legacies to servants; and the residue of his personal estate to Algernon Bertram Mitford.

The will (dated Sept. 30, 1876), with a codicil (dated Nov. 26, 1883), of Mrs. Sarah Lee Attwood, late of Holywood House, Wokingham, Durham, who died on March 18 last, has been proved by John Rogerson, William Godden, and James Wilson Holme, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £61,000. The testatrix appoints, under the power given to her by her late husband's will, Holywood House and certain real estate to her niece, Jemima Ware, and she bequeaths to her her furniture and effects, and £10,000, to be in satisfaction of the annuity given to her by the will of testatrix's husband; £5000 to her great nephew, Charles William Ware; and legacies to her executors. The residue of her real and personal property she leaves to Mary Alice Sharpe Rogerson and Annie Ethel Rogerson.

The will (dated Nov. 23, 1882), with two codicils (dated Jan. 14 and Sept. 13, 1883), of Mr. William Houston Boswall Preston, J.P., barrister-at-law, late of No. 1, Grosvenor Mansions, and of Avisford, in the parish of Walberton, near Arundel, Sussex, who died on April 29 last, has been proved by Frederick John Blake, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £42,000. The testator gives the Avisford estate and his plate and pictures at Bath to his brother, T. A. Houston Boswall, and he desires him to take the name of Preston, the same as he has done; his house, with the effects, at Bath, and £15,000, to his sister Evelyn; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his brother Alfred.

The will (dated Jan. 20, 1881), with four codicils (dated May 6, 1882; June 26 and 29, 1885; and Feb. 2, 1886), of the Rev. Frederick Leigh Colville, late of Kempsey, Bournemouth, who died on March 28 last, was proved on May 25, by Mrs. Caroline Mary Colville, the widow, and Major-General Fiennes Middleton Colville, C.B., the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £40,000. The testator bequeaths £24,000 upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his four children; and a legacy to his brother, as executor. There are also some specific bequests. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his wife.

The will (dated June 14, 1883), with three codicils (dated June 14, 1883, and Jan. 28 and 31, 1886), of Mrs. Arabella Prescott, late of Birches Farm, Herefordshire, and of Clarence,

Rochampton, Surrey, who died on March 20 last, has been proved by Edward Parker Wolstenholme, the brother, and Colonel Richard Prescott Decie, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £33,000. The testatrix bequeaths £15 per annum to the Vicar and churchwardens of Bockelton, to keep the churchyard mown and in the same order as during her lifetime; £30,000, upon trust, subject to the payment of an annuity of £300 to her grandson, Francis Edward Prescott Decie, for her daughter, Mrs. Arabella Prescott Decie, for life; then for her son-in-law, Colonel Prescott Decie, for life; then for her said grandson for life, and then for his children or issue as he shall appoint; and numerous pecuniary and specific legacies to relatives, servants, and others. Her freehold estate in the county of Surrey is to be sold, and the proceeds to go with her residuary estate. All her freehold manors, messuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments (elsewhere than in the county of Surrey), all her copyhold and leasehold property, and her residuary personal estate, are settled to go with the Bockelton estate in the counties of Hereford and Worcester; under this settlement her daughter takes the first life estate, with remainder to her said son-in-law, for life, with remainder to her said grandson, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons. The deceased gives some special directions as to her funeral: no undertaker is to be employed, the coffin is to be made by her own men out of her own timber; she is to be carried to her grave by eight of her own men, who are to receive £5 each; and no strangers are to attend.

The will (dated Dec. 23, 1869), with two codicils (dated July 5, 1882, and Dec. 29, 1885), of Lieutenant-Colonel John Henry Bagot Lane, J.P., formerly of the Coldstream Guards, and late of King's Bromley Manor, Staffordshire, and Lily Hill, Bracknell, Berks, who died on March 22 last, was proved on May 22 by Cecil Newton Lane and the Rev. Ernald Lane, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, and certain jewellery, paintings, furniture, effects, wines, carriages, live and dead stock, to his wife, Mrs. Susan Anne Lane; she is also to have the use, for life, of part of the Lane jewellery; some of his furniture and effects are made heirlooms to go with the mansion house, at King's Bromley; the Cheslyn Hay estate, in the county of Stafford, he leaves to his second son, Arthur Edward Cecil; his estate in the island of Barbadoes, with the chattels and live and dead stock, to his third son, George Alfred Osborne; and legacies to his executors. The residue of the personalty he gives to his son who shall first attain twenty-one; and the residue of his real property is to go with his settled estate.

The will (dated Feb. 25, 1875), with a codicil (dated April 30, 1885), of Miss Elizabeth Ann Bouverie, formerly of Delapré Abbey, Northamptonshire, and late of No. 1, Montpelier-villas, Brighton, who died on April 17 last, has been proved by Captain William Henry Maxwell, R.N., the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £23,000. The testatrix leaves legacies to relatives, executors, and servants; and the residue of her property to her cousin Grace Campbell, and to Thomasine Louisa, the widow of her late cousin Charles Francis Maxwell, and their three daughters, Catherine Jane, Florence, and Beatrice, in equal shares.

The will (dated May 7, 1883), with a codicil (dated Dec. 6, 1884), of Miss Helen Mary Coney, late of Castle Hill, Maidenhead, Berks, who died on April 15 last, was proved on May 29 by the Rev. Edward Cecil Coney, Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Coney, and Rear-Admiral Richard Charles Mayne, C.B., the

executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £23,000. The testatrix bequeaths £6000 New Three per Cents, upon trust, to pay the dividends to Anna and Louisa Labalmondière; and, on the death of the survivor, the capital sum to the Vicars of St. Luke's and St. Mary's, Maidenhead, upon further trust, to apply the income in the payment, at the rate of five shillings per week, to each of six poor couples not eligible for the almshouses, and unable to support themselves without going to the workhouse; £200 each to the Maidenhead District Association of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and the Poor Clergy Relief Fund; £100 each to the Vicar of Bray, Berks, and the Rector of Batcombe, Somersetshire, to distribute at his discretion among the poor of his parish; £100 to the Vicar of St. Luke's, Maidenhead, to be applied in aid of the parochial charities or for the benefit of the poor of the parish; £100 each to the Argyle Home, Oakley-crescent, Chelsea, and the Society for Promoting the Employment of Additional Curates, No. 7, Whitehall; £50 each to the Consumption Hospital, Brompton; the Asylum for Idiots, Earlswood; the Hospital at Reading, the Bath Hospital, Kings' College Hospital, the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic, Queen-square, Bloomsbury; the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's-inn-road; the Cancer Hospital, Brompton; the Convalescent Home, at Uphill, near Weston-super-Mare; the National Benevolent Institution, the Maidenhead Cottage Hospital, and the Working Men's Club, Maidenhead; £25 each to the British Hospital for Incurables, Clapham-rise; the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Old Kent-road; the Indigent Blind Asylum, St. George's-fields, Southwark; the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, 32, Sackville-street; the Society for the Relief of the Homeless Poor, Providence-row, Finsbury; and the Convalescent Home at Eastbourne; and very numerous legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. The residue of her property she leaves to her brother, Walter John Coney.

The Royal Humane Society have awarded to Mr. Percy W. Leggatt their vellum certificate, in acknowledgment of his bravery in rescuing Mr. Hicks, one of the survivors of the boating accident at Bray, on May 15.

The Royal Counties Agricultural Show was opened on Southsea-common on Thursday week, the extent of the ground being thirty acres. There were 200 entries of sheep, 144 horses, and 400 cattle. The Queen took two first prizes, and a second prize for bulls. The Prince of Wales took a second and a third prize in the cattle classes, his other beasts being highly commended. He took a first prize in the ram class.

On Easter Monday, 1884, a young Italian lady of good family fell from the pier at Southend, Essex, into the sea, and was in imminent danger of being drowned, when a young man named John David Hudson, who lives in the Deptford Lower-road, and was on a visit to Southend with his mother and sisters, plunged into the water and rescued her. On May 2 last the young lady died, and left Mr. Hudson £2000, to which her brother has added £3000.

The new Art Gallery of the Corporation of London at the Guildhall was opened on Thursday week by the Lord Mayor, in the presence of the Sheriffs, the Library Committee, many members of the Corporation, and a number of ladies. The gallery is placed in one of the spacious apartments in Guildhall-yard, formerly used as the Queen's Bench Court. The collection is at present a small one, consisting, in all, of only one hundred works of art, of which fifty-six are paintings, nineteen engravings, ten miniatures, and fifteen busts.

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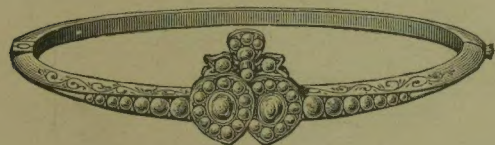
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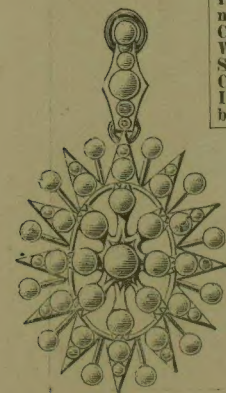
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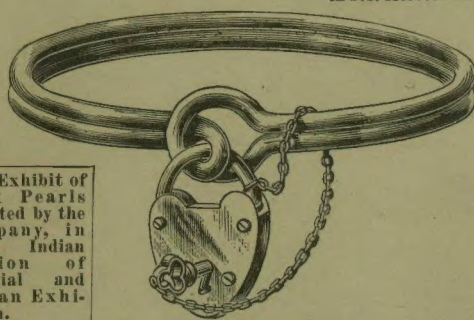
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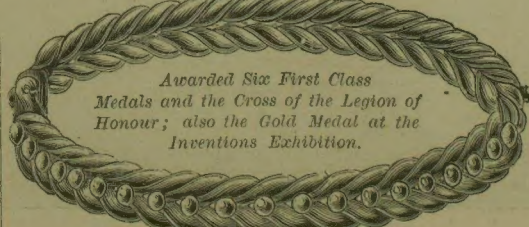
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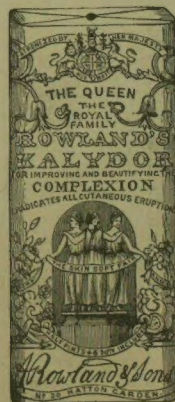
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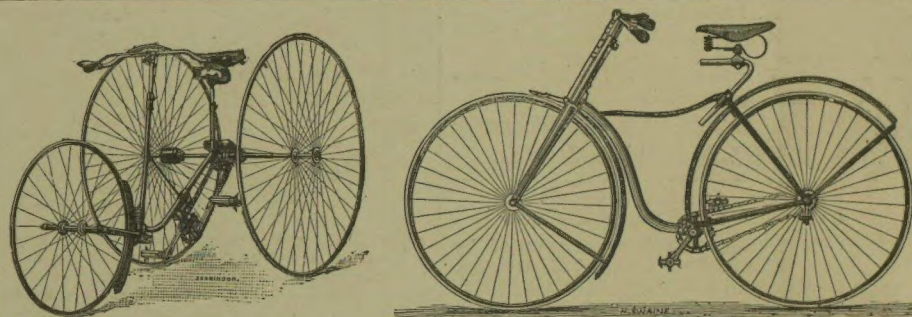
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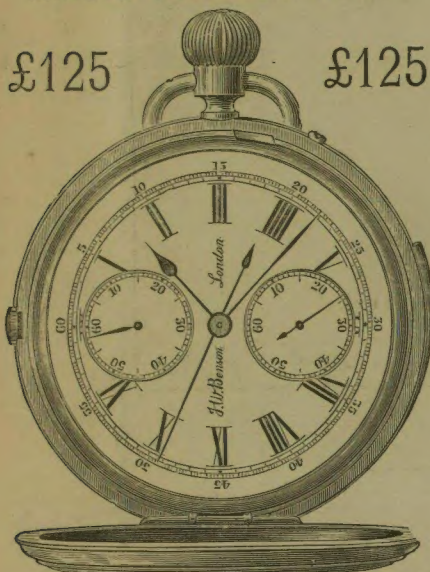
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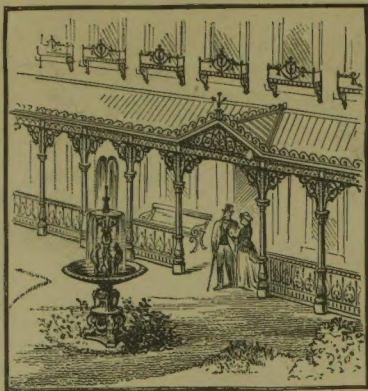
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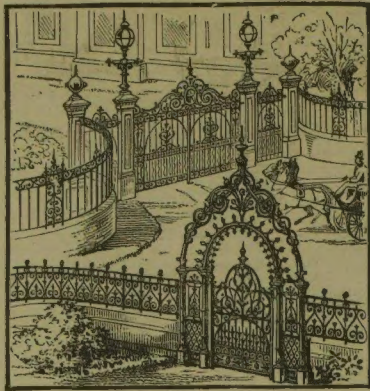
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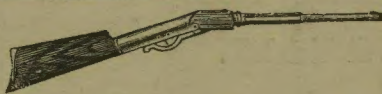
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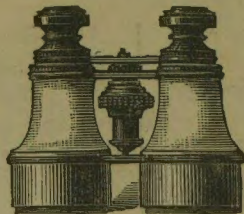
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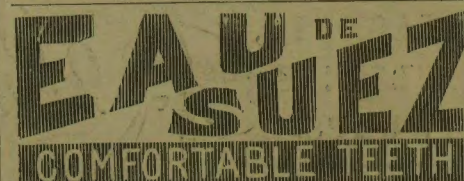
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